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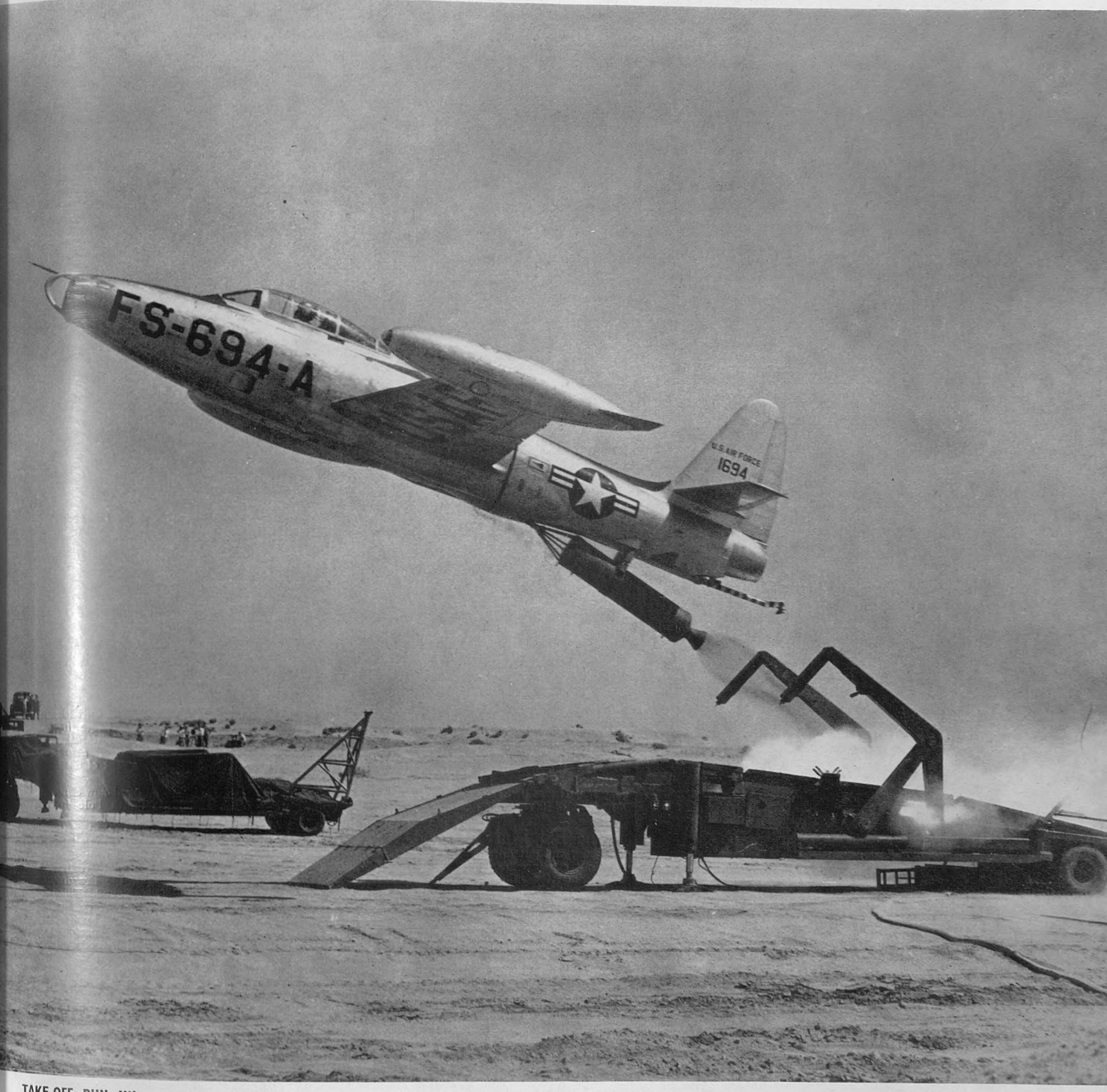
Volume CCXX No. 2867

The SPHERE, London, January 22, 1955

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC



TAKE-OFF RUN NIL—AN AMERICAN F-84 THUNDERJET IS "KICKED" BY ROCKET FROM A MOBILE LAUNCHING PLATFORM: The trailer, seen on the right, can be hauled by a tracked vehicle to any desired launching site, thus dispensing with the extensive airfields normally required by jet aircraft. The initial thrust for this "zero length take-off" is supplied by the booster rocket, seen hanging below the tail of the plane, and by the aircraft's own jet engine. When the rocket is expended, it is jettisoned. This device, which was recently demonstrated in the U.S.A., offers many tactical possibilities, especially in front-line fighting.

While aircraft designers battle with the many problems of vertical take-off, the Glenn L. Martin Company, in collaboration with the Airforce Research and Development Command, have produced the next best thing. The launching platform, which has made the "zero length take-off" possible, weighs a little over 15 tons and is 39 ft. long. It is basically the same as that used for launching the Martin Matador jet-propelled guided missile. This platform is carried on a trailer which is hauled by a 5-ton lorry-tractor. With an aircraft mounted, this procession can cross most types of non-metalled surfaces. When the aircraft is to be launched, it is raised to its take-off position by the two "arms" which can be seen in the picture, and the turbo-jet engine is run at full speed. The booster rocket is then fired, and this additional thrust "kicks" the plane skywards. The acceleration is sufficient to give the pilot full control of the aircraft at all times. The normal take-off run for Thunderjets is about 5,000 ft. The Martin test pilot, B. Turner, who has made several rocket launchings, has said that the shock from these was less than those experienced during catapult launchings from aircraft-carriers. Mr. Turner was subjected to a strain of 4 G during take-off. The zero length runway opens many tactical possibilities. It is conceivable that the aircraft and its trailer could go ashore during an amphibious assault, and its value in forward combat areas, where there are no airfields, is obvious. Once it had been launched and its mission completed, the Thunderjet would fly back to a base in the rear. It is also reported that designers are planning to launch the Thunderjet without its landing gear. The aircraft could then land on a short temporary runway made of rubber mats or some other soft material.

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K2's CONQUEROR IN ENGLAND

PROFESSOR ARDITO DESIO LECTURES IN LONDON : The lecture was given to members of the Royal Geographical Society and the subject was the conquest of K2 last year by the joint Italian Alpine Club and Pakistan Expedition, led by Professor Desio. The summit of K2, in the Himalaya, the world's second highest mountain (28,250 ft.), was reached on July 23, after a long struggle. Unfortunately it was not climbed without loss of life. Ardito Desio is Professor of Geology at Milan University.

THE RICHARDS FAMILY GOES ABROAD

SIR GORDON RICHARDS LEAVES LONDON FOR A WINTER SPORTS HOLIDAY IN ST. MORITZ : With him are his wife and daughter Marjorie, and they are seen at London Airport just before their departure. Sir Gordon, who retired from riding last year, is to train for Miss Dorothy Paget. Six of her Irish-bred two-year-olds are already at Sir Gordon's stables at Beckhampton, and they are expected to be ridden by J. Wilson, his stable jockey. Sir Gordon rode for Miss Paget for nearly twenty years.

THE MORRISONS RETURN TO LONDON

MR. AND MRS. HERBERT MORRISON ARRIVE IN THE CAPITAL AFTER THEIR WEDDING IN LANCASHIRE : They are seen at Euston Station after travelling from Rochdale, where they had been married a few days earlier. Owing to Mr. Morrison's many current engagements it is understood that they have postponed their honeymoon until Easter.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.*2. *The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.* ; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3 ; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s., £2* 19*s. and* £2 15*s.* ; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.,* £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

A London Newslette

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

"They Wouldn't be Chess-men."—

The Organisation of American States has been in session over a "dispute" between Costa Rica and Nicaragua which, before the session was well begun, turned into a military "incident," an invasion of Costa Rica, alleged and denied. The very name of this consultative body is open to criticism ; the States are so varied and many of them seem to be organised only for vendettas and revolutions. All civilisation is interested in preserving peace in South America. Panama lies on a world highway, and between it and Mexico lie Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras and Guatemala, not to speak of little Salvador. And most of them have, of late, been in the news as trouble-makers. Nationalism in excess, and Communism rampant, make trouble enough for the civilised world longing for peace. When those irritants are strengthened by personal vendettas between ambitious politicians, the trouble is non-stop and the vicious circle is never long broken. President A of State X is booted out bloodily or bloodlessly by the intrigues of President B. A flies off to neighbour State Y, where he is well received and encouraged to stage his comeback to State X. Modern arms are made available from the arsenals of "Big-Brother" State to any small nation fighting for its "freedom" against Communism or what not, and almost every little State can find a reason for receiving a good supply. Granting that some of these ambitious "statesmen" thrive on vendettas as happily as once did Sicilian brigand chiefs, must it follow that the bulk of their countrymen enjoy the unease of anxiety and disturbance, and the constant bids and counter bids by their leaders over their heads for the plums of graft and corruption ? Some do, no doubt, if they see a chance to be "in the money." But the bulk of the populations have no such hope. It seems a pity to supply these fiery little nations with modern weapons of destruction, since no great nation threatens them instantly or closely. They use them to threaten or to fight each other, and none of their peoples are a penny the better for the personal triumphs and defeats of the professional rivals in leadership. The map of Latin America is very like a chess-board, and if the game played on it were as innocent as chess, the rival dictators and their satellites might enjoy their pastime without too much disturbance of the lives of their peoples, since one dictator is very like another. But the game, as played with lethal weapons, armed knights and fortified castles, is sacrificial for the pawns. If the rivals must mate each other and indulge in their personal gambles, why can't they ruin each other in a Casino, or resort to that excellent war-game which H. G. Wells invented to take the place of war, with living soldiers. I used to play it. It was just as exciting as real war, with only a fraction of its cost and discomfort.

The Bill Must be Paid.—

"The oysters are eaten and put down in the bill. But, observe, it does not say in whose bill." Such was Mr. Carter's free translation of *pereunt et imputantur* on Dolly Mickleham's sundial. And now the leader-writers of our chief and serious-minded dailies are unanimous in calling on the Government to throw some early light on this question of the N.U.R.'s oyster feast. Actually, not much light is needed on the question of who pays. Since nationalisation the public has not enjoyed a feast of oysters on the railways, but quite certainly, one way or another, the public will pay the bill. And heavy as the bill is, that is a trifling question compared with others implicit in the "settlement." And, chief among them, is the question of principle. The Government instantly accepted the principle implied in the interim report that every nationalised industry, however waterlogged its finances, has a duty to see that its employees enjoy wage rates in line with those of comparable workers in industries which can afford them out of profits, and must yield these increases without waiting for any clear and written pledge that higher productivity and the acceptance of staff and personal economies, and the surrender of restrictive practices, shall be the union's *quid pro quo.* Once again, a Government has compelled the public corporation which manages a nationalised industry to surrender to its employees and to surrender the principles on which, in the public interest, it presumed, reasonably enough, it must function. It has been instructed to surrender and not to worry about the cost of surrender, to give the quid and waive the quo, and pile up a working deficit which only the taxpayer can pay. There is another principle involved—social justice. In industry there are two worlds and a different justice for each. A vital industry enjoys one form of justice, a non-vital industry quite another ; if justice it can be called in either case.

If Sweetness Were All. . . .—

industry whose threats threaten the national econ instantly has a clear road to its goal. Any other ca halted or turned down a by-road. And what limi be set on the demands of the favoured sectio industry ? Somewhere there *is* a limit, of cou a *reductio ad absurdum* comes at last in any dem But it can't be measured in shillings, and a shi a head per week may be a million pounds per indu And what can be the safeguard against imitatio other favoured industries of methods so successfu the N.U.R. ? Certainly, if this or any Governm is to retain public confidence, some explana and light on these principles is quickly ne to allay our anxiety. We have too long acce that a tactful Minister of Labour is the grea boon for sweetening industrial relations w a Government can possess. If sweetness all. . . . Meanwhile, the mouths open and dr are on the house.

South Pole—A Third Visit ?—

so much that is urgent for resolute men to do, ea armchair men sometimes ask themselves what scien knowledge of urgent value is gained by brave men climb Everest or Annapurna or reach the poles. spiritual value needs no special pleading. All men heartened, inspired and stimulated "to fight and to yield" by such deeds of heroism and endura But even that is a costly benefit, since such adven in our own time have cost the lives of scores of finest types in the prime of life and mutilated

MR. R. A. BUTLER MEETS MR. HAROLD STASSEN

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER TALKS WITH THE UNITED STATES FOR AID ADMINISTRATOR : They met at Lancaster House in London, be travelling to Paris for meetings of the Ministerial Council of Organisation for European Economic Co-operation. Also at the talk Lancaster House was Mr. Thorneycroft, President of the Board of Tr

shelved as many more. And now a new expediti planned to cross the South Pole from sea to that pole which is nothing but a mathematical cal tion and has twice been reached at the cost of valuable lives. The plan is to start from Vahsel on the Weddell Sea, and, following Scott's route a point, bisect the pole and thereafter switch to Ferrar Glacier in lieu of the Beardmore, and the old bases in McMurdo Sound. This time, of co the agony of recalling that every hard step for must be taken again in reverse by weakening men be eliminated, and a further comfort ensured in plan that a New Zealand expedition, perhaps Hillary, will start from the far end and lay for bases from the head of Ferrar's Glacier towards polar plateau, and perhaps meet the expedition co plateau and reinforce the homeward thrust—a wo ful stimulus to the Vahsel Bay party. They pla use dogs and mechanised snow-track vehicles. trouble those vehicles gave to earlier expeditions not justify their use. To-day, no doubt, science vastly improved their reliability in intense cold on certain surfaces, but even now there are sure met with in this polar area which they cannot negot

Electoral Chances.—

I am no studen politics, but I would be more inclined to trust opinions of local political canvassers than those view the political scene from Big Ben when it co to assessing the Tory prospects at the next elec I am quite sure that it is back-yard problems grievances and not triumphs in the foreign field restored national economy which always settle elec even General Elections. A Government's record much more than half the voters) is judged by easement of the housewife's burden and the bet of the little streets, and on those lines the Nati budget is approved or disapproved and the reco Government administration also. Therefore I well believe that the price of tea and the shor and expense of meat are more urgent pre-elec

blems for the Tory Party's election machine than cataloguing of diplomatic triumphs and financial ardry on a national basis. Still, as of old, most ple spell politics as "pockets." Still, as of late, tions are won and lost by a small percentage of the torate who are not dyed-in-the-wood right or left, those wobblers decide the issue largely on the nces of plus or minus for their own pockets. As the records of an administration, the good is ally assessed by posterity coolly, the evil is localised, vidualised and of immediate influence. Thus the t election might prove a storm in a teacup rather n a triumph for Olympus in the War of the Gods.

Brighter Test Cricket.—Whatever the ses, no lover of cricket can fail to rejoice that t Matches with Australia have ceased to be boring, have, indeed, become almost as unpredictable and sing as good village cricket. No longer are they s of endurance and patience for batsmen and tators. In ten post-war matches after 1945, tralia averaged 440 runs in thirteen innings. n Bradman retired, and thereafter Australia raged only 250 runs. Bradman, indeed! Bradman his own bat. But star batsmen did not suffer pse when the sun set. On each side of the firmament or planets continued to delight us, but quite ainly *average* batting proficiency declined. The ounder became *rara avis*. The rabbit hutch ned at No. 7. And, just now, the six stars on er side contribute a much smaller total to an ngs score. That must mean either better bowling, er fielding or less wear-proof wickets. I dismiss er fielding, unless behind the stumps. Better ling? Larwood, Bedser, Lindwall and Miller at r best were pretty devastating. I fancy that ed wickets and Bradman gave us those dreary s of endurance, and it may be better for the game be played by men and not supermen. I should orry to have to make a prophecy as to whether, now, the ashes will come back in our cricket bag, that the chances of a day's Test cricket are as onderable and as amusing as in a village game.

Mass Production Vachell.—H. A. hell, who died the other day at the age of ninety-e, did not come into prominence as a writer until urned forty. He produced 100 novels, plays and r works (about two per year non-stop for half a tury). If industry were all, here we should acknow-e a giant of fiction. But industry is not all, and hell must remain content with the verdict: an ys readable novelist of the second rank, a good yteller and a successful dramatist. In the two s of fiction and drama he stands on *The Hill* and *uinney's*—the last-named first written as a novel. or *The Hill*, a tale of Harrow school-life, it was ainly highly charged with sentiment, though it ded to the anti-school-tie public few of the pains prickles of *Stalky and Co.* *Quinney's* was a great ess as a novel and as a play, and a fine essay in acter drawing. Indeed, Vachell's success was ly due to his ability to turn a novel into a play vice versa. What he wrote was equally fitted to ithin boards or on the boards. *Fishpingle* was aps his next best dual success. We all owe him bt for preserving his Victorian ideals on novel-ing into the post-war era of disillusion, dirt and air. If that implied that he was *laudator temporis* it is no bad thing in these days to cling to what of good report in the past. He enjoyed the good gs of life and kept his head, his spiritual values his readers. A judge of character—and a good e, too.

Spare the Rod.—I am glad that the teacher was alleged to have run amok when she "corrected" of her class with a blackboard pointer and was for assault, has won her case on appeal. True, chose a curious weapon and an eccentric site for punishment, and it may be a little open to doubt ther she was entirely cool and impartial and free vindictiveness at the time. But the Chairman of rter Sessions considered that the evidence proved the mass offence was rank, the provocation intense the punishment inflicted reasonable and just, if I am sure, too, that he took into account the ns of those parents who brought the matter to t—and their inaction also. If there were discipline e home, as in the Victorian days when the law of tisement was laid down, mass disregard of decency discipline would not be rife, as it still is in certain gh" State schools, and our teachers would not the uphill, disillusioning and bitter job of inculcat-obedience and decency for the first time when ol age is reached. So long as the teacher must ct no co-operation from the parent, but rather nd in parents enemies and critics, so long the ons poured out on national education will largely own the drain as *monkey-nuts* money, and the ised words are both well chosen.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE SAAR

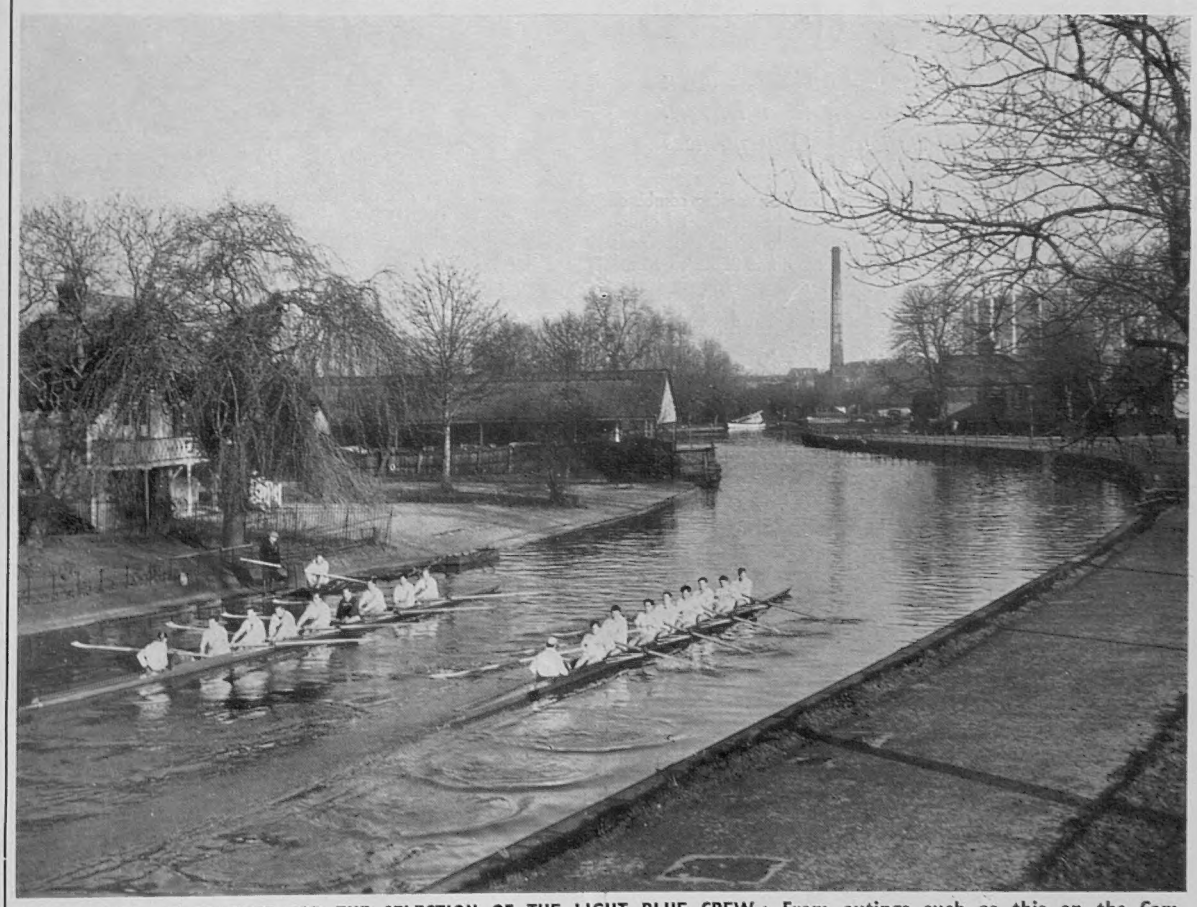
K HARTSHORN Describes the Back-nd to a Territory which has Bedevilled nco-German Relations for Generations is Now the Object of a New Agreement

A ROYAL OPENING FOR THE SWEDISH RIKSDAG, IN STOCKHOLM

KING GUSTAF READS HIS SPEECH FROM THE THRONE IN THE ROYAL PALACE, ON STADEN ISLAND: Standing in the front line on the dais on the extreme left of the picture is Prince Bertil; on the right is Prince Wilhelm. In the foreground, from left, are the Earl Marshal, Birger Ekeberger; the Prime Minister, Tage Erlander; and the Foreign Minister, Osten Unden. The King remained bareheaded throughout the ceremony because he had not been crowned; the crown and the sceptre were placed on tables flanking the silver throne. Members of the two Chambers of the Riksdag sat facing the King. When all was ready for the Royal entrance the bodyguard of cuirassiers in gold uniforms marched with drawn swords through the throne room and took up position at the far end opposite the throne. After the reading of the speech, the Finance Minister presented the budget.

On left—**SWEDEN'S ROYAL LADIES WATCH FROM A GALLERY: They entered the room before the King and took their places in the gallery overlooking the throne. From left they are: Princess Desirée; Princess Sibylla; Queen Louise; Princess Margaretha; Princess Christina; the Mistress of the Robes and a Maid of Honour.**

CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE TRAINING ON THE CAM



TWO EIGHTS AT PRACTICE FOR THE SELECTION OF THE LIGHT BLUE CREW: From outings such as this on the Cam, the President of the C.U.B.C. has to decide who will row for his University in the Boat Race on March 26. In the Trial Eights last term there were three Old Blues. There was also a promising American freshman, R. A. G. Monks, who rowed for Harvard University in 1952 and 1953. Cambridge rowing to-day seems to be dominated once again by the Jesus doctrine—it can hardly be called a style. But its protagonists can point to the success of the Russians at Henley, who gladly admitted their debt to Fairbairn. March 26 may therefore see an unusually interesting clash on the Tideway. For it is unlikely that Oxford will train upon any extreme principles. It is early to make any forecast of the result. Rowing at Oxford is at a high standard and there are great hopes of winning the Boat Race for the second year in succession. But Cambridge oarsmen showed in their Trials that they possess the qualities for victory on the Tideway—strength and determination.

AN ENGINE OF THE CRASHED VISCOUNT AT LONDON AIRPORT: It had been thrown 50 yards from the airliner (in the background) in foggy conditions. In taking off, the pilot had turned on to a disused runway and struck a steel barrier at about 100 m.p.h. Of the thirty people on board only two were injured. The part of the runway where the mishap occurred is the main site for the contractors working on the airport's central terminal building, to be opened at the end of March.

THE ACCIDENT AT LONDON AIRPORT

In Foggy Weather a Viscount Airliner, During Take-off, Turned in Error on to a Disused Runway Without Serious Consequences

The skill of the pilot and the soundness of British engineering combined to prevent what could have been a very serious accident at London Airport. A Vickers Viscount airliner, belonging to British European Airways, started its preparatory run for take-off on a flight to Rome, Athens and Istanbul. The weather was foggy, and in error it turned on to a disused runway. Travelling at about 100 m.p.h., it ploughed through a steel barrier, demolished a contractor's hut, hit a pile of iron girders and turned completely round. Two port engines were torn out, fuel tanks ripped open and parts of the undercarriage strewn behind it.

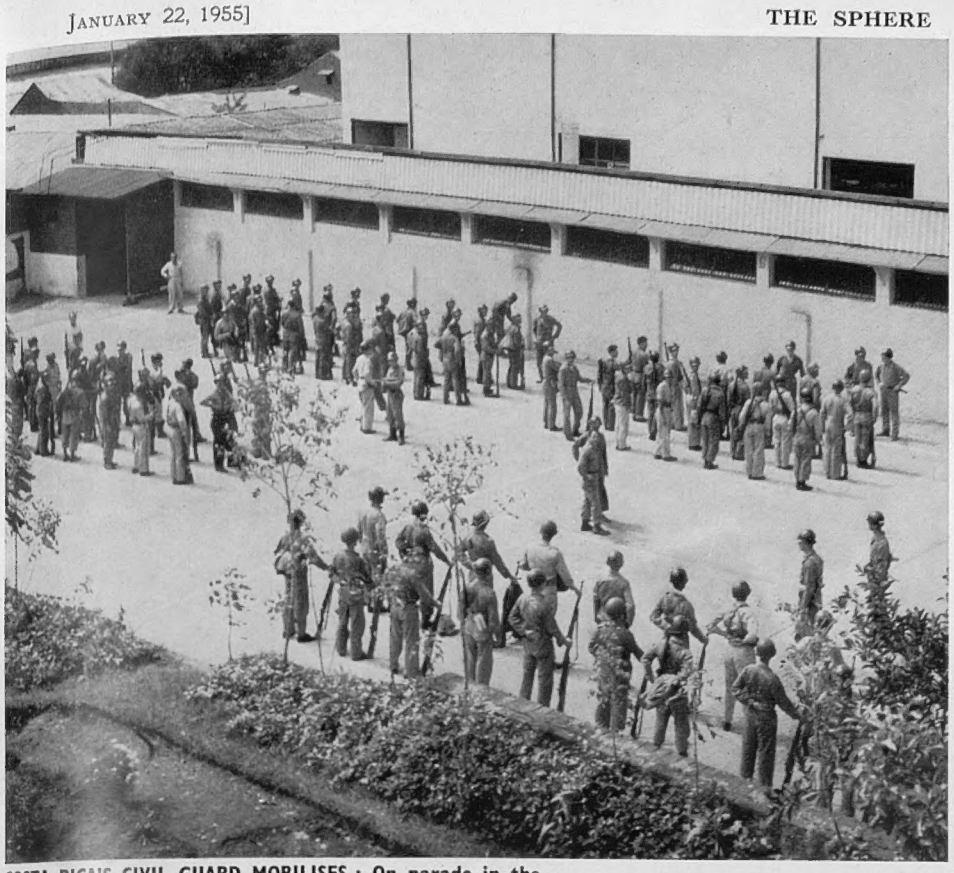
There were thirty people on board, five crew and twenty-five passengers. However, only two were injured, the pilot, Captain Eric Waites, and an American passenger, Mr. Irle. A third passenger, an invalid, was taken to hospital with them as a precautionary measure. Undoubtedly the pilot's skill avoided a more serious mishap. Mr. Peter Masefield, the Chief Executive of B.E.A., said that it was a great tribute to the safety factor of the Viscount that there were no serious casualties and no suspicion of fire.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST FIRE: Foam is sprayed on the Viscount after the accident. The fact that it did not catch fire is regarded as a tribute to the safety factor of the aircraft.

THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT: The Viscount had turned in error on to the disused runway. After ploughing through a steel barrier it had hit a pile of iron girders and turned completely round. One wing was 5 ft. from a hut. The runway missed by the airliner is in the background.

COSTA RICA'S WAR

The Civil Guard Mobilises, the Leading Personalities Make Statements, and an Investigating Commission Arrives in San José After the Central American State is Invaded



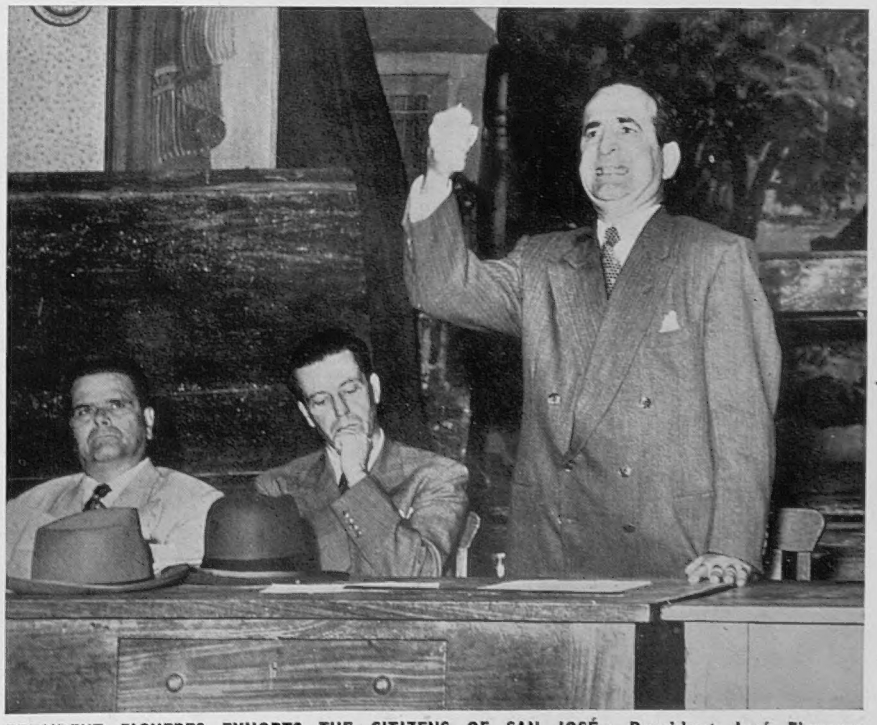
COSTA RICA'S CIVIL GUARD MOBILISES : On parade in the patio of their headquarters in San José are the hastily mobilised members of the Costa Rican Guard soon after news of an invasion from Nicaragua had reached the capital. Costa Rica has no proper Army, and the Civil Guard, which is the equivalent of an armed police force, is only sparsely equipped. The United States Government, however, has given Costa Rica four Mustang fighters to help repel air attacks.

TRAINING THE DEFENDERS : Members of the Costa Rican Civil Guard receiving instruction in the use of mortar and machine-gun at their San José headquarters shortly after mobilisation. Within a day of the invasion, the Civil Guard set out on the 66-mile journey north to the village of Villa Queseda, which the rebels had taken on the first day of their invasion. The Guard had no difficulty in regaining control.

ALLEGED TO BE BEHIND THE INVASION : Teodor Picado, the fifty-five-year-old ex-President of Costa Rica, who was ousted by President Figueres in 1948, is seen at his home in Managua, Nicaragua, where he has lived since his deposition. Picado is holding a picture of his twenty-seven-year-old son Teodoro, who is reported to be the leader of the rebel forces invading Costa Rica.

PRESIDENT SOMOZA OF NICARAGUA EXPLAINS : Handling a sub-machine-gun, Nicaragua's President makes a statement to the Press in Managua. At left is his aide, Colonel Camilo Gonzales. This particular explanation from President Somoza did not concern Costa Rica at all. He was explaining his belief that the Nicaraguan weapon he was handling was not the type used in the assassination of President Remón of Panama the previous week. Later President Somoza denied that Nicaraguan forces were taking part in the invasion of Costa Rica, and challenged President Figueres to a duel. The Nicaraguan President has previously made statements to the Press about weapons. At the time of the revolt in Guatemala last year he was at pains to point out that the weapons used had not come from his country.

AN INTERNATIONAL COMMISSION COMES TO COSTA RICA TO INVESTIGATE : Senor Mario Esquivel, the Foreign Minister of Costa Rica, addressing a speech of welcome to the special Investigating Commission of the Organisation of American States in San José's Yellow House, the home of the Foreign Ministry. At the Foreign Minister's right is Señor Luis Quinantilla, of Mexico, who is Chairman of the Commission. On their preliminary findings the international investigators agreed that arms were being supplied to the invading rebel forces by foreign Powers.



PRESIDENT FIGUERES EXHORTS THE CITIZENS OF SAN JOSÉ : President José Figueres addressing a meeting of civic leaders in the Costa Rican capital. With him on the platform are, left, Senor Alfredo Bolio, Minister of the Interior, and Vice-President Raul Blanco Contreras. Commenting on President Somoza's challenge to a duel, the Costa Rican President said, "He's crazier than a goat in the midsummer sun." Ever since the invasion began, President Figueres has been asking for aircraft, patrol boats and weapons from the Organisation of American States.

DEESIDE UNDER SNOW AFTER THE WORST BLIZZARD IN EIGHT YEARS : An aerial view of the parish of Braemar, in Aberdeenshire, with the River Dee, blocked by ice in many places, winding its way through the Grampian countryside. The snowstorms which swept Scotland, Wales and the greater part of England, were the worst since the blizzards of 1947. Much of the Scottish countryside looked exceptionally pretty under its mantle of snow, but that was the only consolation in an otherwise grim week-end. The North of Scotland was particularly affected by the blizzards, and many small towns and villages were entirely cut off by great snowdrifts. From isolated homesteads, threatened with hunger and cold, snow-ploughs set out to reach village stores, only for their work to be nullified by fresh showers of snow and heavy frost. Aircraft and helicopters took part in a number of operations. One of these took place in a village near Wick, where a woman who was suffering from appendicitis was taken to the local hospital by Royal Naval helicopter.

THE BLIZZARDS

PICTURES FROM SCOTLAND SHOWING THE EFFECTS OF THE WORST SNOW-STORMS IN EIGHT YEARS

BALMORAL CASTLE IN ITS WINTER SETTING : The Royal residence by the River Dee is blanketed with snow, standing out prominently against the dark fir trees of the Balmoral forests behind the castle.

IN SNOWBOUND SUTHERLANDSHIRE : A view of Invershin, where the Rivers Shin and Oykell, both frozen, meet. The railway station at right was one of the many Scottish stations snowbound during blizzards. On the hill beyond the rivers, dominating the wintry scene, can be seen Carbisdale

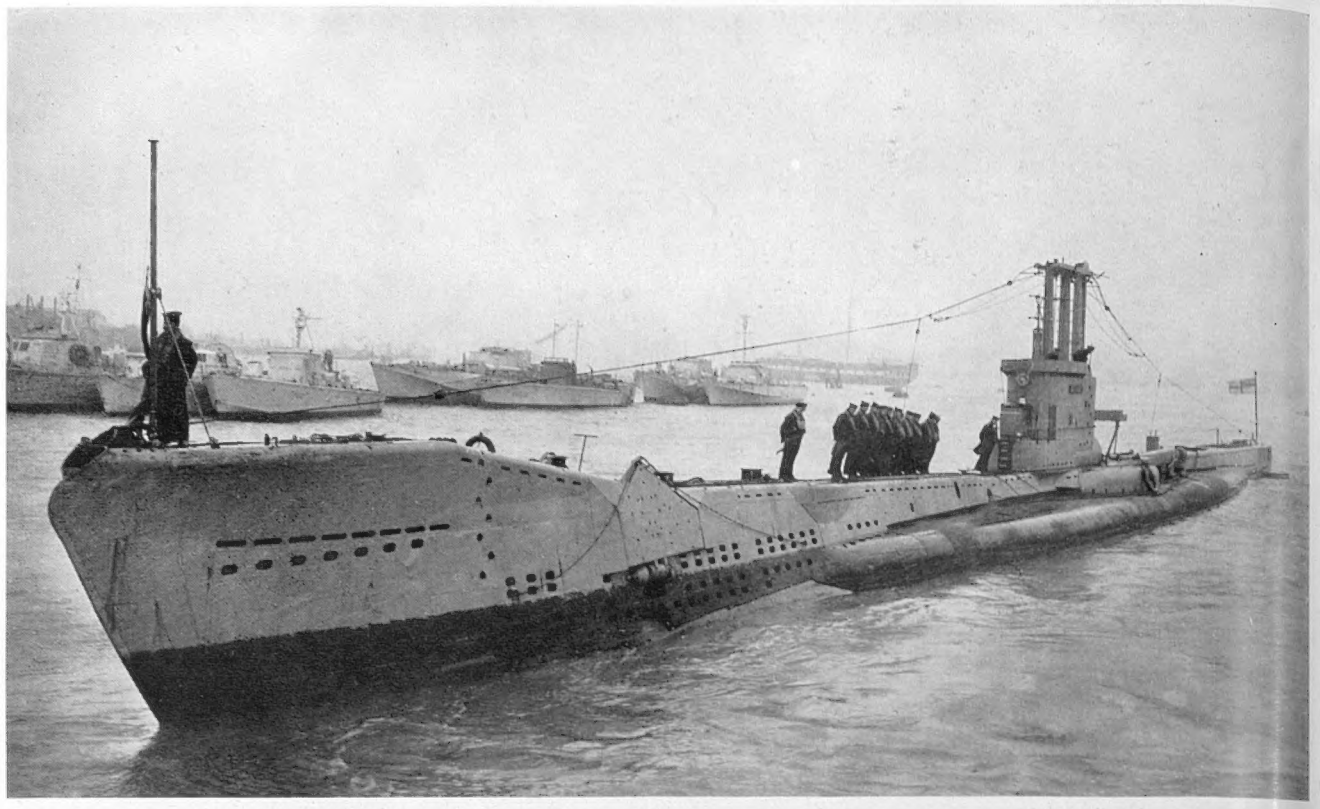
AFTER A BRANCH LINE HAD BEEN CLEARED : One of the first trains to get through on the line between The Mound Junction and Cambusavie is seen in this aerial picture, making its way alongside a partially frozen loch. The railways in this area were particularly affected by the blizzards. On one night last week sixty-eight passengers were stranded at different stations when their trains found it impossible to make any further headway. Snow-ploughs had to cut their way through drifts up to 10 ft. deep.

On left—
THE ISOLATED VILLAGE IN CAITHNESS TO WHICH A COASTAL COMMAND SHACKLETON BROUGHT FOOD AND SUPPLIES : An aerial picture taken from the R.A.F. aircraft of the small snowbound village of Braemore. After the village had been completely cut off for four days by snowdrifts 12 ft. deep, the Coastal Command aircraft battled through heavy snow showers to drop four canisters containing flour, bread and cigarettes on to a field in the middle of the village marked by a bonfire. Thirty people were cut off in the village, and many of them watched the Shackleton make two attempts to drop supplies. Several herds of deer, which had come to the edge of Braemore in search of food, were seen to scatter as the plane swooped low over their heads.

TRAINING, ESCAPE AND RESCUE

CANADIAN SAILORS TRAIN IN THIS COUNTRY; AND A NEW AIR-SEA RESCUE DEVICE

On right—



CANADIAN SEAMEN MAN A BRITISH SUBMARINE : The men are seen on board H.M.S. *Æneas*, at Gosport, while undergoing training there. This training programme is part of an agreement whereby the number of "A" class submarines available at Halifax, Nova Scotia, for anti-submarine exercises is to be increased to three. Two hundred seamen are at present in this country familiarising themselves with the British craft. The three submarines which will go to Canada are H.M.S. *Astute*, *Ambush* and *Alderney*. The first will leave this country for Canada about mid-March.

INSTRUCTION IN RADAR TECHNIQUE : Instructor P.O. Farmer, of Romford, in Essex, explains the equipment of the radar room to A.B. B. T. Dawson, of Hamilton, Ontario.

LEARNING TO ESCAPE FROM A SUBMARINE : *On left*—A.B. Dooley, of the Canadian Navy, is guided to the surface by Petty Officer W. J. Saunders, of Exmouth. Both are wearing escape apparatus. *On right*—On top at last. Leading Seaman C. Hamer, of Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, breaks the surface, supported by a Royal Navy instructor. The escape training took place in a specially constructed water tower, where conditions, closely approximating those which would exist in a real emergency, can be simulated.

FISHED OUT OF THE SEA : This naval officer, who has just been "rescued" from the sea, is being carried by a helicopter in a new air-sea rescue apparatus in the form of a net which scoops a survivor from the sea.

The rescue apparatus shown on this page was developed during an attempt to overcome some of the disadvantages of existing methods. The scoop is extremely simple in construction : a rope net is attached to a tubular "D"-shaped frame, which is operated by a single cable from the helicopter's winch. When a pick-up is to be made, the net is lowered into the sea while the aircraft is hovering at about 25 ft. The arched part of the frame is above the water. The helicopter is then manœuvred to bring the scoop in line with the person to be rescued, and is trawled through the water at a walking pace until the survivor has been picked up. The net is then hoisted alongside the helicopter and the rescued person can be assisted into the aircraft. If badly injured, he is left in the basket until the helicopter returns to base.

During trials in the English Channel, some of which were seen by American service authorities, drums were at first used as dummies. Up to the present time over 100 "live" pick-ups have been made, sometimes at a rate of twelve persons in twenty minutes. The scoop net, which was invented by Lieut.-Commander John Sproule, commander of the rescue unit at Ford, in Sussex, is now available for general service use and has been supplied to aircraft-carriers and naval stations, at home and abroad.

THE MOMENT AFTER RESCUE : The basket is lowered from the helicopter and dragged through the sea at walking pace until the person to be rescued has been picked up. It is then hauled up alongside the helicopter. It is not intended that this technique should entirely replace the usual method of a leather strop lowered on a rope; but the new method has proved very effective when picking up injured or unconscious persons.

FILMING BIRDS IN SIERRA LEONE: Charles Lagus, a member of the recent B.B.C. and Zoological Society Expedition, is seen using a native shelter as a hide for filming the bird-life of the territory. These primitive buildings are erected by natives to shelter bird-scarers. The expedition spent ten weeks in Sierra Leone, collecting specimens for the Zoo and making recordings and films of the animal and native life. The members were Mr. J. Lester, the Zoological Society's Curator of Reptiles; Head Keeper Mr. A. Woods; Mr. Charles Lagus, and Mr. David Attenborough, who has written the following account of the journey.

ON SAFARI WITH A CAMERA IN WEST AFRICA

An Account of the Recent Zoological Society and B.B.C. Combined Expedition to Sierra Leone

By DAVID ATTENBOROUGH

THE thick forests of Sierra Leone shelter a bird which until only a few weeks ago had never been exhibited in captivity and which only about four or five Europeans had seen in its wild state. The capture of this bird, *Picathartes gymnocephalus*, was the primary aim of the recent expedition to Sierra Leone sponsored jointly by the Zoological Society of London and the B.B.C. Television Service.

We had good hopes of finding it, for Mr. Jack Lester, Curator of the London Zoo's Reptile House, and leader of the expedition, had caught a glimpse of it three years ago when he was collecting monkeys for medical research in the Protectorate. It is a most bizarre bird, the size of a crow, and almost totally lacking in feathers on its head, which one might think would give it a rather unpleasant vulturine appearance. This, however, is not the case. Its head is coloured a delicate shade of lemon-yellow, with two black patches over the ears. These features, it has been said, make it look rather like an old lady in a bathing cap.

There were four of us on the expedition: Jack Lester, who was the leader; Head Keeper Alfred Woods, of the Zoo's Bird House, whose difficult task it was to remain at base most of the time and coax each newly-captured creature to feed in captivity; Charles Lagus, our cameraman, who had recently returned from the Everest Abominable Snowman expedition; and myself, who went to direct the film and make sound recordings.

Our attention was not entirely restricted to *Picathartes*. The Zoo wanted many other inhabitants of the West African forest and we hoped to photograph some of the smaller creatures, particularly insects, which have rarely, if ever, been filmed before. We felt that since we had only ten weeks in Africa, we could not hope to rival the many spectacular and remarkable films which had been taken over the past thirty years of the larger and more famous East African animals, such as the lions and elephant, giraffe and rhinoceros, which have made such impressive appearances on the cinema screen lately. We therefore tried to bring back something new out of Africa by concentrating on the smaller creatures. Superficially they may not be impressive, but they can be strange, sinister and terrifying in close-up.

The expedition was based on the headquarters of the Agricultural Department at Njala, in the South-Western province. From there we made treks to all parts of the Protectorate, mostly by a lorry which during the ten weeks took us some 3,000 miles. Up in the north, near the French Guinea border, the bush thins to a savannah and there we located the Emerald Starling, possibly the most beautiful of all the African glossy starlings and a bird which, like *Picathartes*, had never been seen in captivity. They spend most of their time in flocks perching in tree-tops, rarely visiting the ground, and this habit made their capture exceedingly difficult.

THE YELLOW-HEADED *PICATHARTES* WHOSE CAPTURE WAS ONE OF THE PRIMARY AIMS OF THE EXPEDITION: This is the only specimen of *Picathartes* in captivity. It was reared in Sierra Leone by Keeper Woods, who successfully brought it to London.

However, with the aid and advice of the African villagers, the birds were attracted to the ground by spreading termites dug from their nests. They came down in flocks to feed and there became caught in the traditional African snares. In this way we collected over thirty individuals, nearly all of which settled down very rapidly in captivity and are now making a most impressive display as a small flock in one of the larger cages of the Zoo's Bird House.

Charles Lagus and I became fascinated by the many different kinds of ants which swarmed wherever we went. Perhaps the most dramatic of these are the driver ants which march in columns miles long, devouring every living thing in their path and leaving behind them a wake of skeletons picked clean. In spite of posting a watchman every night, our collections were twice invaded by columns of these ferocious insects and as a result we lost a number of valuable snakes which, unable to escape, had been bitten to death. Filming these ants was apt to be something of a painful business, as they have an unhappy tendency to crawl up trousers and bite hard. The only course to be taken is to run, stripping off your clothes as you go. However, we eventually found that they were unable to crawl up greased rubber boots, and Charles Lagus could stand in the middle of a drive getting most dramatic film shots, while I squatted by his side brushing off the ants as they ran up the legs of the camera tripod.

I carried with me wherever we went a small battery-driven tape recorder. In addition to recording animal noises I took the opportunity of bringing back on tape

(Continued on following page)

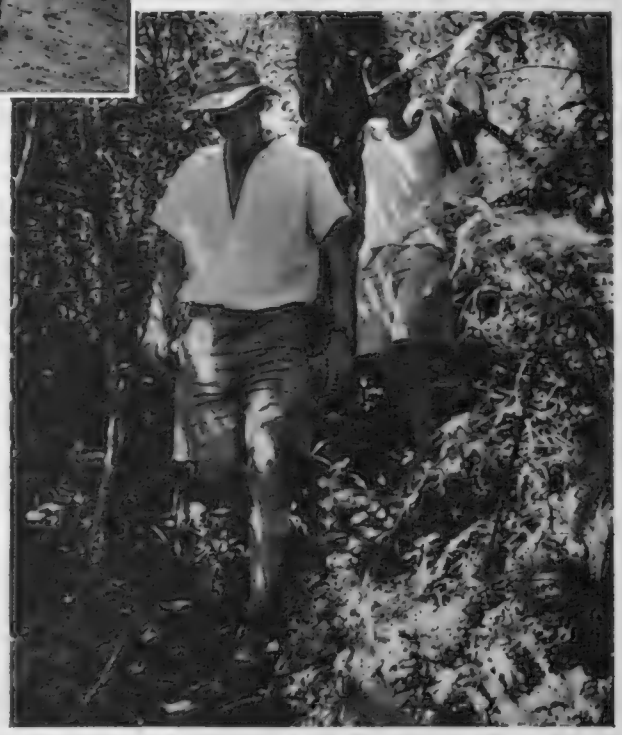
ON SAFARI WITH A CAMERA

THE BAMBOO FOREST OF SIERRA LEONE: This thicket was between 50 and 60 ft. high and quite impenetrable. Members of the expedition frequently found their paths blocked by these thickets.

On left—

AN ANNOYING EXPERIENCE: The expedition's lorry stuck in the mud. This happened four or five times during the ten weeks in the Protectorate, as the only roads available were mud tracks which often proved treacherous. On this occasion the lorry was stuck for about two hours.

A RICKETY HAMMOCK-BRIDGE: Two members of the expedition a... African guides cross a bridge made of creepers. They are w... by a crowd of natives, who can be seen on the far ...



DAVID ATTENBOROUGH WALKS A BARELY VISIBLE PATH: The author of this article is seen in the bush near the nesting-place of the bird *Picathartes*. Mr. Attenborough is a B.B.C. television producer at Lime Grove Studios.

LUXURY WAS NOT THE KEYNOTE OF THE EXPEDI... Mr. J. Lester, Curator of Reptiles to the Zoo... Society, is seen in a mangrove swamp at ... holding a small crocodile which he has ca...

(*Continued from previous page*)

a great deal of African music. There is a much wider variety of traditional music in Sierra Leone than I had thought. Drumming of the greatest complexity is found all over the country. In the north part every village has its balange player, his instrument being a primitive xylophone with hollow calabashes slung beneath the keys to act as resonators.

These instrumentalists were, to me, most impressive. Having recorded one of their pieces I would play it back to the musicians with the most gratifying results. The expressions on their faces always followed the same sequence. First blank astonishment, then an enormous peal of laughter and finally deep absorption and concentration, accompanied by nods as one particularly difficult and complicated phrase was recorded to their satisfaction. There was also another result which followed without fail; that of demanding that they would now play an even better and more complicated piece which I should record and take back and play to the Queen. Indeed, after the first few of these recording sessions I began to wonder how soon I should run out of tapes.

At last we discovered a nesting-site of *Picathartes* near the little village of Mandu, about eighty miles from the coast. Here on top of the hills are enormous granite boulders over a hundred feet high submerged in the thick, secondary bush. These strange birds build their cup-shaped mud-nests, rather like a very large swift's nest, on the side of these boulders. It was not at all easy to persuade the Africans to lead us to the site and to carry all our photographic and recording equipment.

Apparently they believed that the boulder is the home of one of the forest devils, a particularly large and fierce one, much taller than a man, very stout, with one leg and one eye. The birds living on the side of his home were his guardians and servants, and anyone who interfered with them would incur the wrath of the devil, with hideous but unspecified results. This tale may have been exaggerated for our benefit in order that the price for carrying loads up to the site should be increased. If it was, it was a widespread ruse, for we came across it wherever we heard rumours of the bird.

We built a hide near the site and spent many hours in it watching this handsome creature and enjoying the thrill and excitement of knowing that we were the first Europeans ever to see it on its nest. Filming was extremely difficult because of the lack of light, but by judicious pruning of the trees by the side of the rock and by using a very sensitive film, we finally succeeded in obtaining a long series of shots. We were also lucky enough to obtain recordings of the bird by concealing a microphone in a mushroom-shaped termite hill upon which the adults habitually perched before flying to the nest. Their call is a most extraordinary guttural grunt which at first we could not believe was coming from the bird.

Two adults and a chick were finally captured by netting them as they roosted on their nests at night. The first stage towards success was thus achieved, but the second, and perhaps even more difficult task, still lay ahead—that of persuading the birds to feed in captivity and bringing them home alive. Unfortunately the chick alone survived. For the first few days we had it, its health seemed slowly to decline and at the end of a week we had almost despaired of rearing it.

Then, almost by accident, we discovered that it had a taste for small frogs. With great excitement we set about the task of catching large numbers of ... creatures, and since it ate fifteen or twenty at a ... and had to be fed four or five times a day, th... supply of the neighbourhood at the end of the ... began to get rather sparse. I for one would ... welcomed a change in the animal's tastes, if o... that I could stop looking for frogs and catch some ... thing. This diet continued for almost a month. ... Woods managed to wean it from frogs and persu... to take other substitute foods which were all ... would be available on the long voyage home.

At the end of the expedition, in additi... *Picathartes*, we had a collection of over 300 birds ... about fifty mammals, including mongoose, squ... rats, a monkey and a chimpanzee, as well as num... reptiles. These are all now safely back at the ... After settling down and passing through quara... they will soon be on exhibition.

WONDERFUL SCENERY IN THE FORESTS: Mr. Charles Lagus filming primitive log-bridge in the Northern Province. *Below* — Filming river ants, which on this occasion were on the march and harmless.

A VISIT TO THE PARAMOUNT CHIEF OF MUSAIA, IN THE NORTHERN PROVINCE: In the background is the chief's hut and nearer the camera is a drum used for calling assemblies, and some old cannon.

On left—
WEAVING CLOTH NEAR BAFODIA: A native boy using a primitive loom to weave country cloth.

On right—
WOMEN POUNDING CASSAVA: This picture was taken in the village of Bafodia.

HAZARDOUS CROSSING: These hammock-bridges are made of lianas, a type of woody climbing plant, and have to be renewed each year as they are swept away in the rainy season by the swollen rivers. In addition to the bird *Picathartes*, the expedition brought back many other animals in a collection comprising about 300 birds and fifty mammals, ranging from apes to mongoose. These are now at the London Zoo. It is hoped that more expeditions of this type will be made in the future.

EVIDENCE OF THE GROWING TRADE PROSPERITY OF JAPAN: Nowadays the harbour at Yokohama is usually crowded with shipping. This is taken to be a sign that Japan has fully recovered from her defeat during the war and is now on the high road to economic recovery. In this picture, on the extreme left, is the *Santos Maru*, one of the fleet of the Shosen Kaisha of Osaka. Next lies the *President Monroe* of the United States President Line. In the centre foreground is the British *Ordia*, and behind is another American ship, the *President Cleveland*. Alongside the *President Monroe* is a floating crane.

SHIPS IN THE NEWS

Vessels Crowd a Japanese Harbour; and New Ships are Launched in Britain and Denmark

THE DANES BUILD A SHIP FOR RUSSIA: The refrigerator ship "No. 9" is launched in Copenhagen. She has been built to carry fish for the Soviet Union and was launched by Mme. Syeosoev, the wife of the Soviet Minister in Denmark.

A NEW ROYAL NAVAL FRIGATE IS LAUNCHED ON THE CLYDE BY THE PRINCESS ROYAL: H.M.S. *Lynx* enters the water during the ceremony, which was performed by the Princess Royal. The vessel has been built by Messrs. John Brown and Co. Ltd., at Clydebank. The *Lynx* is one of the "Leopard" class of anti-aircraft frigates. They are primarily designed for the protection of convoys against air attack.

Now that the day of the battleship is over, the Royal Navy, in common with other progressive navies, is concentrating on the building of small surface vessels and submarines. H.M.S. *Lynx*, which was launched last week at Clydebank by H.R.H. the Princess Royal, is one of the new types of ships being brought into service. The *Lynx* is the latest of the "Leopard" class Diesel anti-aircraft frigates. Her main purpose is to defend convoys against aircraft. But she can also be employed as a smaller type destroyer in offensive operations.

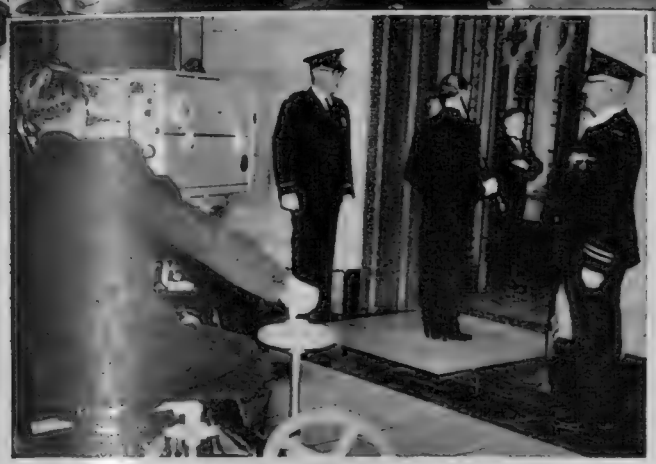
TELEVISING THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT

For the First Time TV Cameras Recorded the Opening of Parliament in Ottawa

The State Opening of the Canadian Parliament is based on the Westminster tradition and takes place in the Senate Chamber of the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa. When the Governor-General, Mr. Vincent Massey, performed the ceremony this month there was an innovation. For the first time TV cameras were allowed to be present and the proceedings were followed by viewers all over the country.

The speech from the Throne began the second session of the twenty-second Canadian Parliament. Mr. Massey referred to the opportunity afforded Canadians in the recent past to extend an affectionate welcome to Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and to their pleasure in greeting the Duke of Edinburgh on his visit last summer.

The Governor-General went on to stress his country's responsibilities in the brotherhood of free nations searching for peace and the need for strengthening their ties in the face of increasingly hostile forces.



THE SCENE SHARED BY CANADIAN TELEVIEWERS: The TV camera is allowed for the first time at the opening of the Canadian Parliament in Ottawa. It is trained on Mr. Vincent Massey, the Governor-General, on the Throne.

On left—

BLACK ROD BEFORE THE CAMERA: The Canadian Opening of Parliament follows closely the lines of the Westminster ceremony. Here Black Rod has just rapped at the door of the Senate.

On right—

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL INSPECTS THE GUARD OF HONOUR: The TV cameras followed Mr. Massey through the entire ceremony at the Parliament buildings. The guard of honour was provided by the Canadian Guards.

THE NEW U.S. CONGRESS

President Eisenhower Addresses a Joint Session of the Legislature, which is Now Controlled by the Democrats

SENATORS ARE SWORN-IN: Vice-President Nixon congratulates six Senators after they had taken the oath. From left—T. E. Martin; G. H. Bender; P. McHamara; G. Allott; C. T. Curtis; and S. Thurmond.

THE NEW SPEAKER TAKES OVER THE HOUSE: Mr. Sam Rayburn (left) waves to his colleagues as he takes over the Speakership from Joseph Martin, Jr.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER ADDRESSES THE NEW CONGRESS: His Cabinet sit facing him. Clockwise from the gangway in the right centre, are—Secretary of State John Foster Dulles (in a dark suit with his knees crossed); Mr. Humphrey (Treasury); Mr. Wilson (Defence); Mr. H. Brownell, Jr. (Attorney-General); Mr. Summerfield (Postmaster-General); Mr. McKay (Interior); Mr. Benson (Agriculture); Mr. Weeks (Commerce); Mr. Mitchell (Labour); Mrs. Hobby (Health, Education and Welfare); and Mr. H. Cabot Lodge, Jr. (Representative to U.N.).

President Eisenhower delivered his message on the State of the Union at the opening of the new session to a Congress which is now dominated by his political opponents. As a result of the elections of last November, both Houses have Democrat majorities. But he was heard with respect by all sides and often seemed to earn Democrat approval.

The address followed the established custom of being in two parts. The first was about foreign policy, defence, new measures of alliance between the free countries, nuclear weapons, the strengthening of the Government's security system, and the protection of the free world against "Imperialistic Communism." The second part concerned itself with the achievements to date of the administration and plans for domestic legislation.

Since the President appeared to be out to please everybody, there is considerable speculation about whether he intends to stand for a second term of office next year.

The Foreign News in Pictu

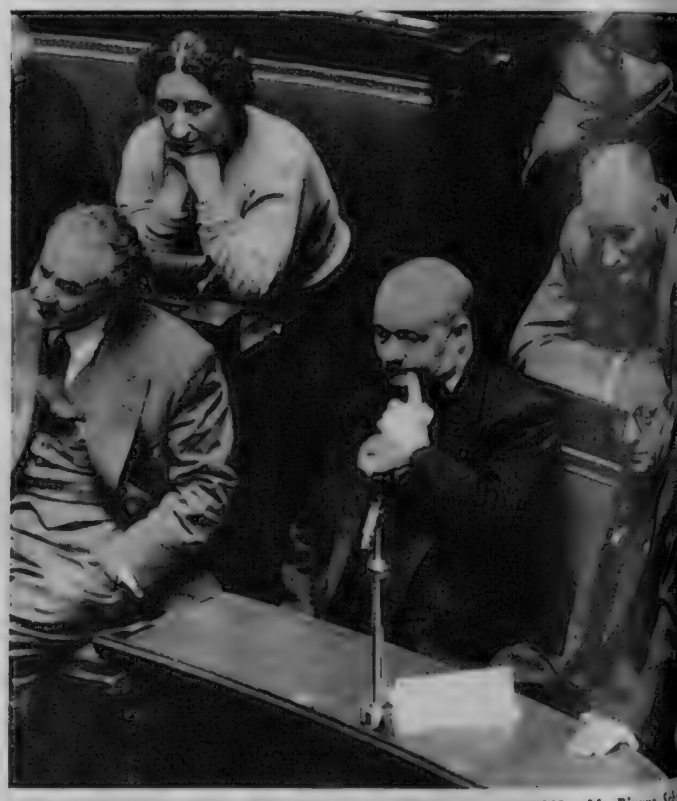
INVASION IN COSTA RI

AND A SURVEY OF O
RECENT EVENTS I
AMERICA AND IN EU

THE COUNCIL OF ORGANISATION OF AMERICAN STATES MEETS TO DISCUSS THE CRISIS: Representatives of Central and South American states meeting to discuss Costa Rica's charge that she is threatened by invasion from Nicaragua. This meeting took place the day before an invasion actually took place. For a long time there had been tension between the Central American state of Costa Rica and her northern neighbour, Nicaragua. To some extent this has been caused by the personal and mutual hostility which exists between the two Presidents, General Somoza of Nicaragua and General Figueres of Costa Rica. As in the case of Guatemala last year, early reports of fighting and who was taking part in it were very confused; and it was believed that the threat of air bombardment was a more powerful factor than any troops actually involved. There are other similarities between Guatemala and Costa Rica; in both countries former political leaders were believed to be trying to regain power; and President Figueres, who fought with the Republicans in the Spanish Civil War, is alleged to be under Communist influence.

COSTA RICA'S FIGHTING PRES General José Figueres, who i eight, took a leading part revolution of 1948 against Pr Picado and Señor Guardia in 1953 he was elected Pre

SLEIGH RIDE FOR THE SHAH OF PERSIA: The Shah and Empress Soraya in a sleigh which took them to the ski-runs at Sun Valley, Idaho. Both the Shah and the Empress are extremely keen on winter sports, and they availed themselves of their stay in the United States by taking an eight-day ski-ing holiday in Idaho. They then left for Miami, where they expected to go water ski-ing.



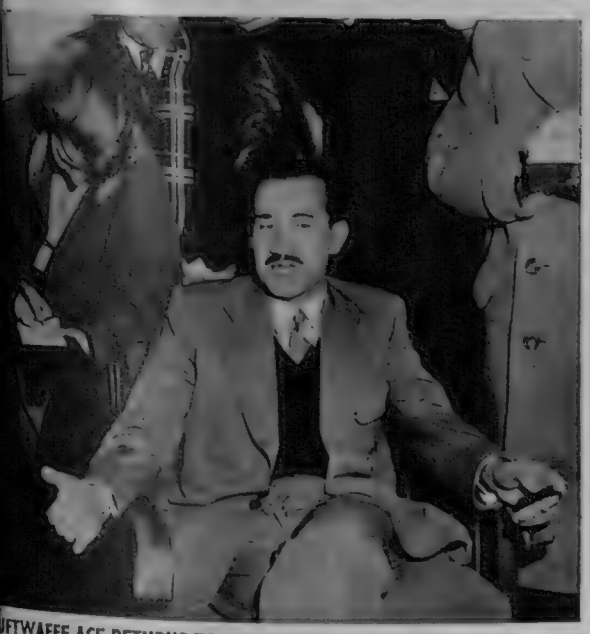
A NEW PRESIDENT FOR THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY: M. Pierre Sc was elected President of the National Assembly in Paris last week. Al The outgoing President and a candidate for re-election, M. And Troquer, looks worried and doubtful as the results of a ballot are announced. *On right*—M. Schneiter is congratulated on his election by M. René Coty, left, President of the Republic. He was elected only after the third ballot, receiving 232 votes to M. Le Troquer's 188, and the Communist candidate's 88. The new President is a member of the right-wing M.R.P. Party. His victory is being freely interpreted as a set-back for M. Mendès-France, the Prime Minister.

SLEIGH RIDE FOR THE EX-PRESIDENT OF GUATEMALA: Señor Jacobo Arbenz, who was deposed in the Guatemalan revolution last July, is seen with his family at Zermatt, Switzerland, where he arrived at the beginning of the year. With him are, left, his eighteen-year-old daughter Annabelle, and right, his son Jacobo, who is eight, his daughter Leonore (twelve) and his wife. Señor Arbenz denied rumours on his arrival in Europe that he was going to Moscow.

SHELL NATURAL GAS CONVERSION PLANT AT JUMPING POND, IN ALBERTA : Extensions have recently been made to this plant so that an increased quantity of sulphur may be extracted from the gas. On the extreme left of this picture the heater converters of the sulphur plant can be seen : next to them are the five chimneys of the boiler-house. The processing towers on the right recover natural gas from oil workings and prepare it for industrial and domestic use. Sulphur extracted from the gas will be converted into sulphuric acid, which is used in the processing of uranium ores. Natural gas was discovered in Alberta in 1944, while prospectors were looking for oil, but these resources were not immediately developed. By 1950, however, supplies of this gas were being delivered on a commercial scale to a number of communities in the area. Before natural gas can be supplied to consumers, certain impurities, including hydrogen sulphide, must be removed. The sulphur obtained from this source was at first sold to paper manufacturers, but now that the Shell Company has increased its sulphur extraction capacity, the chemical will be taken to the Gunnar mines at Beaver Lodge, by Lake Athabaska, 800 miles away, where uranium is mined.

N'S NEXT KING ? : Prince Juan Carlos putts on the green at Estoril, near Lisbon, under the critical eyes of his brother Alfonso. Prince Juan Carlos is the seventeen-year-old son of Don Juan, claimant to the throne of Spain. As a result of recent talks between Don Juan, monarchists, and General Franco, it has been decided that Prince Juan Carlos shall go to Spain for four years, two of which are to be spent at a university and two at a technical college. Military training might also be arranged for him. It is believed that Don Juan might be prepared to renounce his claims to the Spanish throne in favour of his son, and that General Franco would favour this step.

NEW YORK HONOURS THE BRITISH HEROES OF A DRAMATIC SEA RESCUE : The Master and members of the crew of the British liner *Queen of Bermuda* received the New York City's Distinguished Service Awards in recognition of their services in a North Atlantic gale. A lifeboat was sent from the liner to rescue the crew of the foundering fishing-vessel, *Student Prince II*, and as a result of skilful seamanship all the crew were saved. Shaking hands with a member of the lifeboat crew is, centre, Mr. Vincent A. G. O'Connor, Marine and Aviation Commissioner for New York, who made the presentations. To his right is Captain Leslie F. Banyard, Master of the liner, and to his left is Staff Captain Magnus E. Musson, who commanded the lifeboat.



UFTWAFFE ACE RETURNS TO GERMANY : Adolf Galland, surrounded by reporters, is seen denying a large variety of rumours shortly after his arrival in Frankfurt. Galland, a former Lieut.-General in the German Air Force, returned to Western Germany after spending seven years in Argentina, where he has been adviser to the Argentine Air Force. He said that he had not been invited to head a new German Air Force or even to come to Germany to discuss the matter. He added, however, that if conditions were such that he could enter the Service, he would consider it. He certainly did not adopt a "count-me-out" attitude towards German rearmament. Galland stated that he had not flown American jet aircraft, but that he had handled British Meteors.

"JAN VAN DER HEIJDEN" AT WORK IN OLD AMSTERDAM : The Amsterdam fire brigade dealing with a fire which broke out in a storehouse of mattresses in the old centre of the city. Besides the twelve hoses which played on the buildings, the firemen used the "water cannon" seen on the barge. This device is known as a "Jan van der Heijden." The buildings were completely gutted by the fire.

ECHOES OF FASCISM

Mussolini's Alleged Grave Attracts "Pilgrims," and Fascist Salutes are Given at Marshal Graziani's Funeral

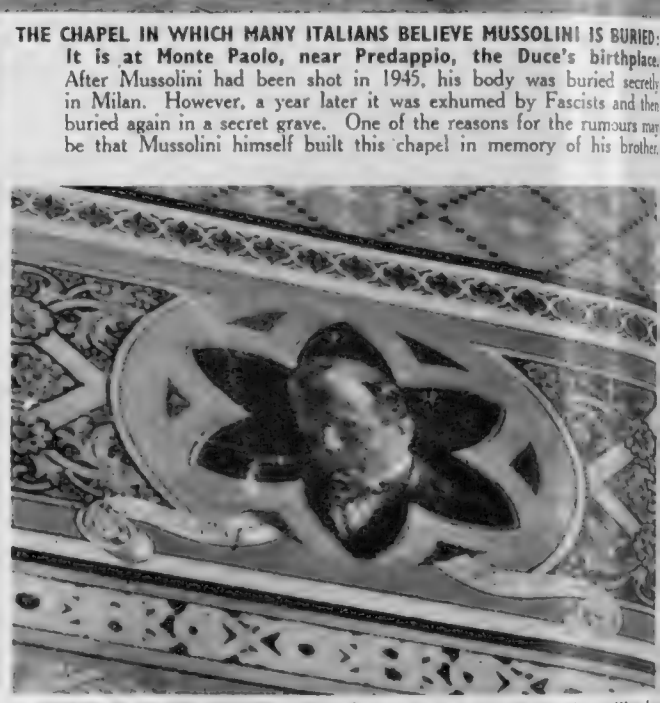
It would be surprising if Mussolini were not remembered in Italy. It is inevitable at this period of time that the foulness of his career should be overlooked, or ignored, among certain sections of his fellow-countrymen. A rumour which appears to be increasingly current concerns his burial place. Mussolini was dismissed by the King of Italy in the summer of 1943. After various adventures he was shot, with his mistress, Clara Petacci, by Italian partisans in April, 1945. The corpses were taken to Milan and hung head downwards in the Piazza Loreto.

His body was placed in a secret, unmarked grave in a Milan cemetery. A year later a band of fanatical Fascists exhumed it. Then it was found near Pavia and buried again secretly. Now there is a widespread report that his grave is in the crypt of a small chapel near Monte Paolo, about fifteen miles from his birthplace, Predappio. Possibly what lends credence to this story is that the Duce himself built the chapel twenty-two years ago in memory of his brother. Many Fascist sympathisers visit it, and flowers and candles are left by the walls outside.

At the funeral of Marshal Graziani, in Rome, many Fascist salutes were given from the crowd which watched the bier pass. The cortege was headed by members of the Youth Organisation of the M.S.I. (neo-Fascist) Party. In fact, the Marshal had resigned his Honorary Presidency of the party, disapproving of its opposition to E.D.C. The Italian authorities were wise not to attempt to suppress what was largely an insignificant demonstration.

THE CHAPEL IN WHICH MANY ITALIANS BELIEVE MUSSOLINI IS BURIED: It is at Monte Paolo, near Predappio, the Duce's birthplace. After Mussolini had been shot in 1945, his body was buried secretly in Milan. However, a year later it was exhumed by Fascists and then buried again in a secret grave. One of the reasons for the rumours may be that Mussolini himself built this chapel in memory of his brother.

IN MEMORY OF THE DUCE: Candles and flowers are placed by Fascist sympathisers outside the wall of the chapel at Monte Paolo. Mussolini's body is believed by them to lie in the crypt. "Pilgrims" are reported to come every day, some of them going into the chapel to pay their tribute.



A PORTRAIT IN THE CHAPEL: This fresco was painted on the ceiling by Mussolini's orders. Posterity is more likely to remember the discredited "jackal behind Hitler" than the self-styled Dux Italiae.

FASCIST SALUTES AT THE FUNERAL OF MARSHAL GRAZIANI: The pictures *above* and *on the left* show some of the crowd which gave the Fascist salute at the funeral of Marshal Graziani in Rome. Detachments of the Youth Organisation of the neo-Fascist M.S.I. Party marched in front of the bier, although the Marshal had resigned his Honorary Presidency of the Party last year. On the coffin, covered with the Italian flag, were the Marshal's sword and military cap. Graziani was one of the commanders in the Fascist seizure of Abyssinia and Commander-in-Chief in North Africa from 1940-41. When the King of Italy dismissed Mussolini, Graziani sided with the Duce. However, the Marshal could not revive the Italian armies. At his funeral generals were among the pall bearers. But the Italian radio had ignored his death

PRESERVING OUR NATIONAL HERITAGE

The Government has Given Further Grants to Aid in the Repair and Maintenance of Britain's Country Houses and Historic Treasures

A FURTHER thirty-five historic buildings are to receive grants towards repairs or maintenance from the Ministry of Works. The grants amount to £70,000. This new list brings the grand total of buildings so far assisted under this scheme to 114, at a cost of £285,000.

The grants are made by the Minister of Works under the Historic Buildings and Ancient Monuments Act of 1953. Each financial year he has at his disposal £250,000 for this purpose. The money is given not only for houses of all kinds, ranging from castles to cottages, but also for the contents of buildings. The criterion is that they must be of outstanding historic or architectural interest.

The Minister is advised in his awards by three separate Councils for England, Scotland and Wales. Their members are leading figures in public life and eminent architectural and antiquarian experts. The Chairman of the English Council is Sir Alan Lascelles, the former Private Secretary to the Queen, and the Earl of Dundee presides over the Scottish Council. On the Welsh Council a successor has to be appointed to the late Captain G. C. H. Crawshay, who died last November. Among those who sit on the various Councils are Mr. J. Chuter Ede, M.P., Mr. Christopher Hussey, the Countess of Radnor, Mr. John Summerson, Mr. J. D. K. Lloyd, Professor Glyn Roberts, the Countess of Haddington, Mr. Douglas Johnston, Q.C., M.P., and Professor Robert Matthew.

The owner of any historic building or monument can apply for a grant. About 550 applications have been received to date by the Councils. Of these, over 260 have been rejected. One condition attached to each grant is that there shall be reasonable opportunity for the public to see the historic building or treasure concerned. Another point to be stressed is that the awards are given *towards* the cost of repair and maintenance. In certain cases it is stated that a specified sum must also be raised by the owner or association connected with the building. For instance, in the latest list a grant is given to the College of Arms in the City of London. It is intended for structural repairs to the roof, chimneys, parapets and walls. But the Government contribution is conditional upon the College raising £8,250.

A lesser-known historic corner of London which benefits under the new list is the Gazebo, at the Grange, Crooms Hill, in Greenwich. It is a charming example of garden architecture, dated 1672. It is sometimes attributed to Wren. Possibly it was used as "a refuge from the Plague" by at least one Lord Mayor of London in the latter half of the seventeenth century.

The Gazebo, at the Grange, is an irregular square, 15 ft. by 17 ft., by the garden wall. It is of red brick, with a timber cornice and a tiled, pyramidal roof, topped by a timber block and ball. The south-west façade had a wide brick arch occupying most of the wall. Two Doric columns and a semi-circular arch have disappeared. The Government grant specifies that these features shall be restored.

Most visitors to Worcester are familiar with the Commandery, the headquarters of Charles II at the battle there in 1651. On the first floor is "King Charles's Hole," through which, according to tradition, the King escaped after his rout by Cromwell. The building is fifteenth century, and the Ministry of Works' grant is towards the restoration of the Great Hall. Originally there was a hospital on this site, founded by the Bishop, St. Wulstan, in 1085. A valuable series of fifteenth-century frescoes was uncovered in a room off the Hall in 1935.

A HISTORIC COUNTRY HOUSE WHOSE PRESERVATION IS ASSISTED BY THE LATEST MINISTRY OF WORKS GRANTS: This corner of the Italian Room in Kingston Lacy House, near Wimborne, in Dorset, has amongst its pictures Spagnoletto's "St. Augustine" and Zurbaran's "Santa Justa." The ceiling picture is by Guido. Kingston Lacy has received one of the thirty-five grants for the repair or maintenance of historic buildings or their contents in the latest list of the Ministry of Works. Since this scheme was begun under the Historic Buildings and Ancient Monuments Act of 1953, 114 buildings have been assisted, at the cost of £285,000. The contribution to this house, the seat of the Bankes family, is for general repairs. The Minister is advised by separate councils of experts for England, Scotland and Wales.

Two other Cathedral cities to benefit are York and Chichester. It has been said that no street in England so well conveys the atmosphere of the Middle Ages as the Shambles, in York, with its twists and turns, overhangs and sloping roofs. The restoration of four timber-framed buildings is to be assisted.

In North Street, in Chichester, is a pair of semi-detached cottages, which are an excellent example of early eighteenth-century domestic architecture. Next to them is another early eighteenth-century dwelling with a charming Gothic oriel window. The Ministry of Works is materially assisting in their preservation. For some years they have been used as the offices of the Electricity Board. Recently the Board sought permission to demolish the houses and build new premises on the site. The City Council refused to agree to this. Now, with the help of the Ministry of Works, the Council has been able to agree to purchase the buildings. When they have been restored they will be used for dwellings and offices.

Bagot is a distinguished name in English history. The family of Lord Bagot has lived at Blithfield Hall, near Rugeley, in Staffordshire, for 600 years. The house was begun by Sir John Bagot in the fourteenth century. Since then his successors have added much, each according to his period. During the last war parts of the house fell into serious disrepair. The work of their restoration by the present Lord and Lady Bagot is now being aided by the Ministry of Works.

Even older in its foundation is Forde Abbey, in Somerset. It is one of the most substantial surviving

(Continued on following page)

PRESERVING OUR NATIONAL HERITAGE (*Continued*)

DODINGTON HOUSE, IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE, IS AN OUTSTANDING EXAMPLE OF JAMES WYATT'S CONSTRUCTIVE TALENTS : The portico, with its pediment supported by Cori pillars, is one of its most graceful features. The house was built to Wyatt's designs between 1798 and 1808, and is considered a fine example of his classical m The buildings include the chapel, linked to the house by the conservatory with its curving communication galleries, the dairy, and the cascade house, which is in Wyatt's best Gothi The Ministry of Works' grant will help to meet the cost of repairs to the entrance hall and for eradicating dry-rot in the conservatory and the chapel. The preservation of Do three miles from Chipping Sodbury, will be welcomed by architectural students, because it is a reminder that Wyatt, the maligned "Destroyer," had also a constructive side to h

THE MOST SUBSTANTIAL REMAINS OF CISTERCIAN MONASTIC BUILDINGS IN ENGLAND : This is a claim which can be made for Forde Abbey, near Chard, in Somerset, to the Government is making a contribution for structural repairs. The brothers settled here in the middle of the twelfth century. The medieval Chapter House monks' dormitory and much of the frater survive. The last Abbot, Thomas Chard (1521-39), introduced Italian Renaissance ornamental details, which were the innovation in England. After the Reformation the Abbey passed into private hands. In the seventeenth century one of its owners was Cromwell's Solicitor-General Edmund Prideaux. He had parts of the house remodelled to contemporary taste. From this period date the opulent ceilings. In the eighteenth century, Francis Gwy had married the Prideaux's granddaughter, had some repairs carried out and his immediate successors were responsible for certain alterations. Forde lost some of its historic fu and pictures when the house and estate were put up for auction in 1846. About ninety years ago the house came into possession of the family of the present owner, Mr. G. D.

(*Continued from previous page*)

remains of Cistercian monastic buildings in England. The monks settled on the site in 1140. The medieval Chapter House, dormitory and frater remain. Since the Reformation there have been additions to the house as a private residence. Here, general structural repairs are required. Two other houses in the list are associated with great historic names. Godolphin, at Helston, in Cornwall, is a remarkable fifteenth–seventeenth-century mansion, with a few Georgian alterations. It was the birthplace of Sydney Godolphin, the poet and Royalist. One of its succeeding owners was the other and greater Sydney Godolphin, Queen Anne's Lord High Treasurer and the friend of John Evelyn, the diarist. In Dorset, at Kingston Lacy, is the home of the Bankes family. The present house, built in the 1660's, is the only surviving example of the work of Sir Roger Pratt.

By no means all the buildings assisted by the Ministry of Works are private dwellings. Two great houses in the list are schools. The magnificent Tudor Hengrave Hall, near Bury St. Edmunds, is a girls' school, and Ashdown House, in Sussex, a preparatory school for boys. Ashdown has a link with the United States of America. It is one of the two known works in Britain by Benjamin Latrobe, Surveyor of Public Buildings to the American Government in 1803 and designer of part of the Capitol, in Washington.

Public buildings receiving assistance include two historic Town Halls—at Tamworth, in Staffordshire, and at Berwick-on-Tweed—and the Theatre Royal at Richmond, in Yorkshire. This last grant, to the Richmond Corporation, is the first to be awarded under the scheme to a theatre. The Richmond Theatre Royal is said to be the only small eighteenth-century theatre remaining in Britain virtually in its original form. It was opened in 1788, but fell into a decline in the next century and has not been used as a theatre for over 100 years. In this period it has served variously as a wine store, a granary, a billiards saloon, an auction room and a salvage depot. Now it is being restored as a showplace and for dramatic performances.

Art treasures other than houses are also eligible for grants. The Minister of Works has given a sum towards the restoration of the valuable pre-Reformation murals at 132, Piccott's End, Hemel Hempstead, in Hertfordshire. These paintings are of religious subjects and thought to have been made by a travelling p about 1500. Another grant for restoring pictures to Llanfihangel Court, near Abergavenny, in Wa

In the allocation of the grants, Wales and Sc have their full share. Among the latest benef in Scotland are Kellie Castle, Fife ; the Weaver's C Kilbarchan, Renfrewshire ; Loudoun Hall, Ayrshir Kintore Town House, Aberdeenshire. The Welsh includes Pen-y-lan, Meifod, Montgomeryshire; P Park, Llandilo, Carmarthenshire ; Plas Coch, Llane Anglesey, and Monaughty, Bleddfa, Radnor.

The Historic Buildings and Ancient Mon Act of 1953 is another step towards national acc of responsibility for Britain's great heritage of ar ture and other art treasures. A quarter of a m pounds each year from the Treasury funds for maintenance is a small enough sum when one co how widely this heritage is distributed throughou country. No one will begrudge it. Indeed, when situation permits, it is to be hoped the Minis Works will receive a larger annual provision from to give this very necessary assistance.

RLES II'S HEA ARTERS AT THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER: It was from the Commandery, seen here from the garden, that the King, according to tradition, escaped through "Kin arles's Hole" after Cromwell's "Crowning Mercy." Originally a hospital was founded on this site in 1085 by Wulstan, Bishop of Worcester. From its position ju utside the city walls help was given to the sick and poor and shelter to travellers. However, the present building was not started until the reign of King Henry VII. One of its best features is the fifteenth-century Great Hall. The Ministry of Works grant has been given towards its restoration. It has a fine oriel window of painted glass. There are also an Elizabethan staircase, under which is a secret cupboard, and a panelled Jacobean gallery. In 1935 a series of fifteenth-century frescoes were uncovered in a room to the west of the Great Hall. They represent religious subjects. When the monasteries were dissolved at the Reformation, the Commandery came into private hands. About a hundred years ago the owner cut the Great Hall in two to make an easier carriage drive to the main street.

On left—

A UNIQUE FEATURE IN A GREAT TUDOR HOUSE: Hengrave Hall, near Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk, is the only house in the country to possess this magnificent triple-bayed window in the style of its period. It is above the main entrance, and is a magnificent example of the mason's craft in the late Gothic style. It is embellished below with early Renaissance heraldic emblems. In spite of alterations in 1775 and 1899, the character of the original building has been maintained. Half stone and half local brick, Hengrave is basically square in plan, with a central courtyard. On the south wall of the Great Hall are heraldic animals which may well have inspired "The Queen's Beasts" which adorned the Annexe to Westminster Abbey for the Coronation two years ago. Hengrave is one of the many English country houses in which Queen Elizabeth I stayed. She was entertained here on the occasion of a Royal Progress and knighted her host, Thomas Kytson, the son of the Merchant-Adventurer of the same name who had built the mansion. To-day it is a boarding-school for girls.

PRESERVING OUR NATIONAL HERITAGE (*Cont.*)

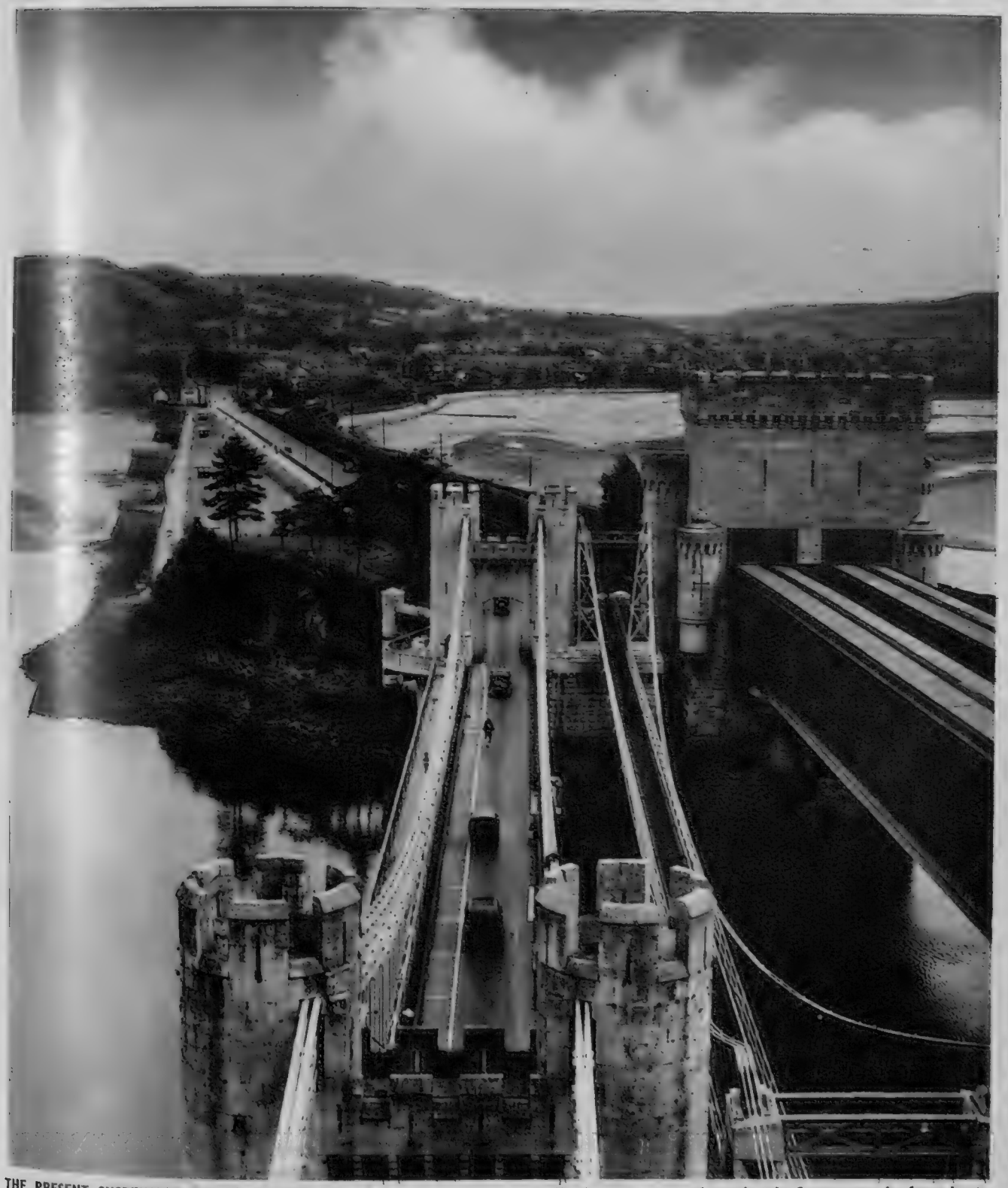
THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE MIDDLE AGES : Probably no street in England conveys this so well as the Shambles, in York. Its twists and turns, overhangs and sloping roofs, its narrow confines and closed vista have made it famous all over the world. It consists almost entirely of houses with fronts overhanging, to give shelter to their own wattle and daub walls and to pedestrians beneath. The four houses concerned in the present grant are basically timber-framed buildings of about the fifteenth century. They have been much altered internally. Three of them have nineteenth-century butcher's shop fronts. The street's association with butchers gave it its name. Numbers 9 and 12 are three-storeyed, the latter having a mid-eighteenth-century frontage. Numbers 10 and 11, originally two separate tenements, are now fronted with Flemish bond brick. They are to be restored and brought into use.

THE OUTSTANDING CIVIC BUILDING BETWEEN EDINBURGH AND NEWCASTLE: This description has been applied to the Town Hall of Berwick-on-Tweed. It was built by Joseph Dodds in 1754, during a period of national prosperity, when Berwick was noted, among other local industries, for the building of small ships. It provided a market on the ground floor, with a council chamber and court room above and, under the roof, a prison. The tower and steeple are 150 ft. high. All survive intact, and the cells, with their wooden beds and chains, give a vivid impression of eighteenth-century justice. Dodds was clearly inspired by James Gibbs, the architect of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields in London. The Town Hall is sometimes said to be related " in a cousinly way " to St. Martin's.

THE COLONNADE OF GODOLPHIN HOUSE : Through the door can be seen the courtyard of this famous house at Helston, in Cornwall. Above the colonnade is a series of rooms. All this part of the house probably dates from about the time of the Civil War. Other buildings are fifteenth- or sixteenth-century. The dining-room has a beamed ceiling and well-preserved linenfold panelling with a distinctive oak mantelpiece. In this house was born Sydney Godolphin, the poet, who was one of the chief Royalist supporters in the West Country, and was killed at the skirmish at Chagford in 1643. One of his immediate successors was the more famous Sydney Godolphin, Lord High Treasurer to Queen Anne, who ennobled him. Francis, the second Earl, married the great Duke of Marlborough's daughter.

THE GAZEBO AT THE GRANGE, CROOMS HILL, IN GREENWICH : Repairs are necessary on this irregular square, 15 ft. by 17 ft., which is against the garden wall. It is of red brick, with a timber cornice and a tiled pyramidal roof, topped by a timber block and ball. On the far side there is a moulded brick window surround, with a scroll pediment bearing the date 1672. This charming example of garden architecture has been attributed to Wren or, by some, to Robert Hooke. The latter records in his diary that additions to the Grange were contrived in 1672. About this time the house may have been a " refuge from the Plague " for the Lord Mayors of London.

A NEW BRIDGE TO SPAN THE RIVER CONWAY—AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE STRUCTURE WHICH WILL REPLACE THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE BUILT IN 1826: The cost of this project, which is being carried out by the Glasgow firm of Sir William Arrol and Co. Ltd., will be borne by the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation. Mr. Boyd-Carpenter will formally inaugurate the work on the bridge, which has been specially designed to harmonise with Conway Castle, seen in the background.



THE PRESENT SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT CONWAY: Before this bridge was built the only means of crossing the Conway was by ferry boats. The smaller suspension bridge to the right carries water-mains. Twenty-two years after the suspension bridge was built, a tubular bridge was built by Robert Stephenson to carry the railway. The cost of the new bridge will be £430,700.

THE NEW CONWAY ROAD BRIDGE

A REPLACEMENT FOR THE OLD SUSPENSION BRIDGE

The new bridge over the Conway is to be built by the Glasgow firm of Sir William Arrol and Co. Ltd., whose tender of £430,700 has been accepted by the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation. It will be erected about 60 yards north of the existing bridge and will have a single span of 310 ft. carried on four steel arched ribs. The total width between parapets will be 31 ft. 6 ins. and the carriage way will be 22 ft. across. There will be a footpath, over 7 ft. wide, on the north side and a 2-ft. reserved strip on the south. With approaches the total length of carriage-way to be constructed will be over a quarter of a mile. The design of the bridge is suitable for widening if the volume of traffic at a future date makes this necessary. It is expected that work will take two-and-a-half years.

Special care has been taken by the designers that the new bridge should harmonise with the thirteenth-century Conway Castle and with the medieval town itself. The Royal Fine Art Commission has approved the plans. The consulting architect for the project was Sir Percy Thomas, past president of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and Mr. H. W. Fitz-Simons was the consulting engineer.

The announcement that this new bridge is to be built will be well received by many motorists, especially those who use the Bangor-Chester road frequently. Although the bridge, built by Telford (who was also responsible for the Caledonian Canal and over 900 miles of road in Scotland), was greeted with enthusiasm when opened over a century ago, it is now the scene of frequent hold-ups. It may be used only by single line, spaced out traffic, and the speed limit is 5 miles per hour. There is also a weight limitation. Since 1878 the bridge has been in the hands of the Conway Bridge Commissioners, and a toll has been levied to provide money for the upkeep of the structure. When Mr. Boyd-Carpenter cuts the first turf on the site of the new bridge he will be inaugurating a scheme which will effectually remove the bottleneck.

ANTARCTI WEATHE STATION

The Australian Base Macquarie Island, where Relief of Personnel was pleted Earlier this M

The return of the Danish motor *Kista Dan* to Melbourne night of January 4 marked the ful completion of another chap at Macquarie Island, the Au meteorological station 1,400 miles east of Melbourne.

Relatively fair weather—the is never good at Macquarie—ma operation one of the speediest an successful ever carried out. Ap mately 150 tons of assorted including a young bull, several of poultry, delicate scientific equi twelve sheep and the componen prefabricated hut, were off-load tween arrival on Monday morni the evening of Wednesday, th before departure.

The hut at the southern end island, used by Hurd Point physicists in their work of photo ing the Aurora, was reprovisio pontoon. A full day was also s Green Gorge erecting a prefab hut as a shelter for men mak 22-mile trek between the main at Buckles Bay and Hurd Point. and waterproof, insulated sp cold, and secured by steel g

THE MAIN CAMP AT THE AUSTRALIAN WEATHER STATION IN THE ANTARCTIC: The Macquarie Island headquarters, which is situated on the isthmus at Buckles Bay. The kitchen and living quarters shelter in the lee of Camp Hill, and the stores and radio and meteorological huts can be seen in the distance. The plateau which composes the greater part of the island closes up the southern end of the isthmus. Earlier this month the Danish motor-vessel *Kista Dan* had returned to Melbourne after taking relief personnel and renewing food and supplies to the weather station.

THE RELIEF SHIP HAS ARRIVED: *Kista Dan* is seen lying off-shore in Buckles Bay. vessel is a Danish ice-breaker and passenger ship. She carries out the relief of Anta bases on Macquarie Island, Heard Island, and at Mawson, on the continent's main

THE ALBATROSS FINDS SANCTUARY IN THE ANTARCTIC: A black-browed albatross and her chick on Macquarie Island. The men on the weather station are all keen bird-watchers, and are zealous for the safety of these birds.

THE SUPPLIES ARE UNLOADED: Fuel oil which has been brought to Macquarie Island the *Kista Dan* is taken to the Buckles Bay station by Army "duck." There it is unload by men wearing special clothing to protect them against the bitter Antarctic weath

ONE OF THE GREAT PENGUIN SANCTUARIES IN THE WORLD IS NEAR THE BUCKLES BAY WEATHER STATION: This community of Royal penguins is not far from the base on Macquarie Island. The Antarctic island is filled with large numbers of penguins of all types—Royals, Kings, Gentoos and Rockhoppers. They pay little attention to visitors, but the men at the Australian meteorological station find them endearing. Students of wild life find plenty of scope for their activities on the island.

against the cyclonic winds, with bunks, cooking utensils, radio, fuel and stores, the new hut will be a welcome change from the dank cave previously used.

All the men at the base were in splendid health, bearded to a man and looking forward to re-acquainting themselves with the bright lights of the mainland. A particularly rough return journey, when *Kista Dan* ran into a minor cyclone, laid many of them low, but all were on deck for the last leg of the trip up the Yarra River to No. 2 Wharf, where a large crowd of relatives and friends waited to greet them.

The year's records in all the varied branches of science under investigation —meteorology, cosmic rays, geophysics, radiology, biology, etc.—will now be integrated into the overall picture being built up by the Antarctic Division of the Department of External Affairs.

The party's biggest achievement was the research into the Aurora. It became the first Australian expedition to take simultaneous photographs of the phenomena to further research into the effects of radio waves. An Auroral physicist, Mr. Keith Short, who was mainly responsible for this project, says it should help particularly in understanding magnetic storms. The Aurora's effect on radio transmissions received special attention from an Englishman in the expedition, Mr. Tom Firnstone. He gathered valuable data on what happens to radio waves at certain critical frequencies throughout the time they are transmitted and received.

The *Kista Dan* is a Danish Polar ship which since last year has been chartered by the Australian Government for helping in the supply of Antarctic bases. Macquarie Island is by no means the only base she serves, and shortly after returning to Melbourne she was due to go to Heard Island and to Mawson, on the mainland of the Antarctic continent—a continent about which knowledge is still incomplete, but which is steadily gaining in importance.

SEA-ELEPHANTS ALSO ENJOY SECURITY ON THE ISLAND: These sea-elephants laze on the shore of Macquarie Island, with the Buckles Bay camp in the distance. Their species became almost extinct through the depredations of sealers up to 1918. Now the sea-lions and other wild life enjoy the rigidly enforced sanctuary of the island. A programme of seal- and bird-branding is being undertaken.

HOUSING SOLDIERS IN THE FIELD—A GREAT ADVANCE HAS BEEN MADE IN THE UNITED STATES MARINE IGLOO: Two views of the fibre-glass shelter which the public were able to see in Washington during the Christmas Pageant there. The squat building, looking rather like an upturned bath-tub, consists of two sections, the half-circle body and the rounded ends. It can be assembled by six trained men in 45 minutes. The shelter has a heating system and an air-conditioning unit.

SHAPES AND SIZES IN AMERICA

One of the problems experienced in Korea, a war which was often static and took place in a distressing variety of climates, was the housing of essential centres such as hospitals, stores, and command posts. It was found that the tents hitherto used by American and Commonwealth troops were often inadequate, both in the heat of summer and in the bitter conditions of the winter; while buildings of a more permanent nature were impracticable because of their bulk and size.

The new fibre-glass shelter, developed for the United States Marines, provides new possibilities. It is 20 ft. wide, while its length can vary from 20 to 60 ft. There is a heating system and an air-conditioning unit which keeps the occupants comfortable in below zero and tropical temperatures. Special insulation is also used to make the shelters more weather-proof, and this Marine igloo has already proved itself against "Hurricane Hazel" last November. But perhaps its greatest advantage is that it can be assembled by six men in 45 minutes, and that a transport aircraft can carry three dismantled igloos at a time.

THE MOVE THAT WENT AWRY: This house fell off its rollers while being shifted from its original site at Pelham Manor, New York. The building was to make way for a section of the New England trunk road. At first it was just another house-moving operation; then came the fatal slip.

THE MOVE THAT WENT SLOW: Planks had to be laid on California State Highway No. 1 to prevent the breaking up of concrete before this 228-ton stator could be transported on its multi-wheeled trailer. The stator was being moved 9 miles 528 yards from Camp San Luis Obispo to Morro Bay for installation in a new power plant.

SNOW ON CALTON HILL

LOOKING OVER THE ROOFS OF EDINBURGH FROM A WELL-KNOWN LANDMARK: Snow covers the monument to Dugald Stewart, the Scottish philosopher, on the summit of Calton Hill, to the north-east of Edinburgh. The monument was designed by Playfair, the nineteenth-century architect, and is modelled on the choragic monument of Lysicrates in Athens. Edinburgh has sometimes been described as a modern Athens, and many of the buildings which can be seen from the top of Calton Hill, to the north-east of the capital, do indeed give the impression that the ancients had been at work. In fact, much of the architecture of Edinburgh was conceived and executed barely a hundred years ago, one of the most prominent architects concerned being William Henry Playfair; and it is fitting that his work should be so prominently represented on Calton Hill itself.

A BRIDGE IN DUMFRIES FAMILIAR TO ROBERT BURNS: Devorgilla's Bridge, which crosses the River Nith, in the heart of the town, is one of the few relics of medieval Dumfries. Once it was part of the main highway leading into Galloway. It was from Dumfries that Scotland's poet, Robert Burns, followed his calling of Exciseman on the Solway shore. And it was by the banks of the Nith, near by, that he lived on his farm and wrote many of his most famous poems.

THE POET'S LAST HOME: The house in Burns Street, Dumfries, which, like the birthplace of Robert Burns in Alloway, Ayrshire, is furnished in the simple domestic style of the eighteenth century. Visitors from all parts of the world come to this house daily to pay homage to the poet.

THIS WEEK'S INTERNATIONAL BURNS FESTIVAL

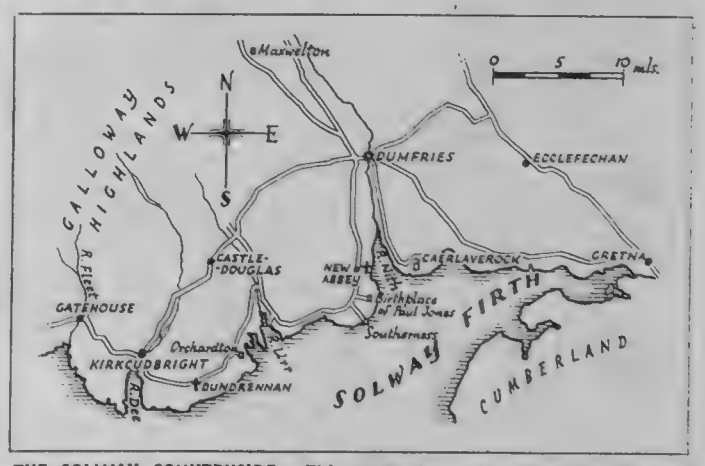
THE BURNS COUNTRY

The Towns and Countryside Around the Solway which are Easily Accessible from Dumfries, one of the Centres for the Current Burns Festival

SPECIAL DRAWINGS BY JOHN MACKAY

On January 25 each year Scotsmen throughout the world raise their glasses to toast "the immortal memory." It is the anniversary of the birth, in 1759, of Scotland's great national poet, Robert Burns. This year, the celebrations are extending over nine days, for the great poet is being honoured in an International Festival, the first of its kind to be held for 110 years. It began on January 17 in Ayr, and will end on Burns' Night in Edinburgh. Visitors from all over the world are able to trace the life of the poet in the five Festival centres—Ayr, Kilmarnock, Glasgow, Dumfries and Edinburgh.

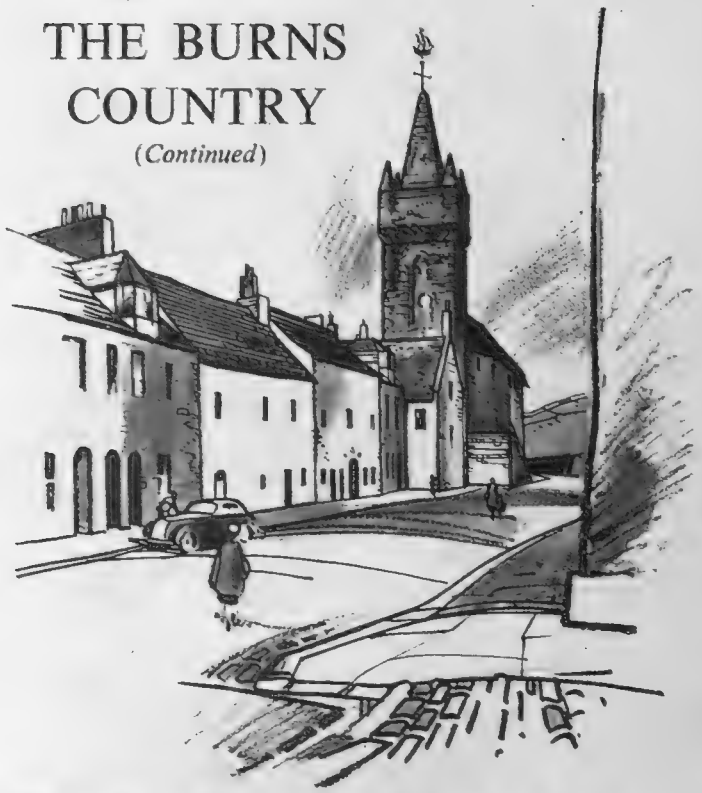
Dumfries is the gateway to a comparatively little-known area of Scotland, the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright and the ancient lands of Galloway. Dumfries itself is a thriving town, where Burns was an honoured burgess and where he followed his calling of Exciseman on the Solway shore. In the course of his duties he must have come across a variety of scene around some of the finest pastureland in Scotland, the home of the belted Galloway cattle and the most important market in the world for pedigree Ayrshires. The visitor, heading westwards and south from Dumfries, passes the red sandstone of Caerlaverock and of Sweetheart Abbey, and the clean-faced cottages above the Solway sands, before he comes to the granite of Kirkcudbright. This town has a long-established artists' colony whose example has influenced the domestic scene. The cheerful colour schemes on the house-fronts have replaced the sombre Scottish veneer, and have enhanced the individuality of this northern shore of the Solway Firth. This is indeed Burns country, full of associations with the life and works of the poet; but it is also country which well deserves the attention of the visitor for its own merits.



THE SOLWAY COUNTRYSIDE: This map shows Dumfries, the Solway Firth, and some of the country around it. The area can be conveniently explored by visitors to Dumfries for the Burns Festival.

THE BURNS COUNTRY

(Continued)



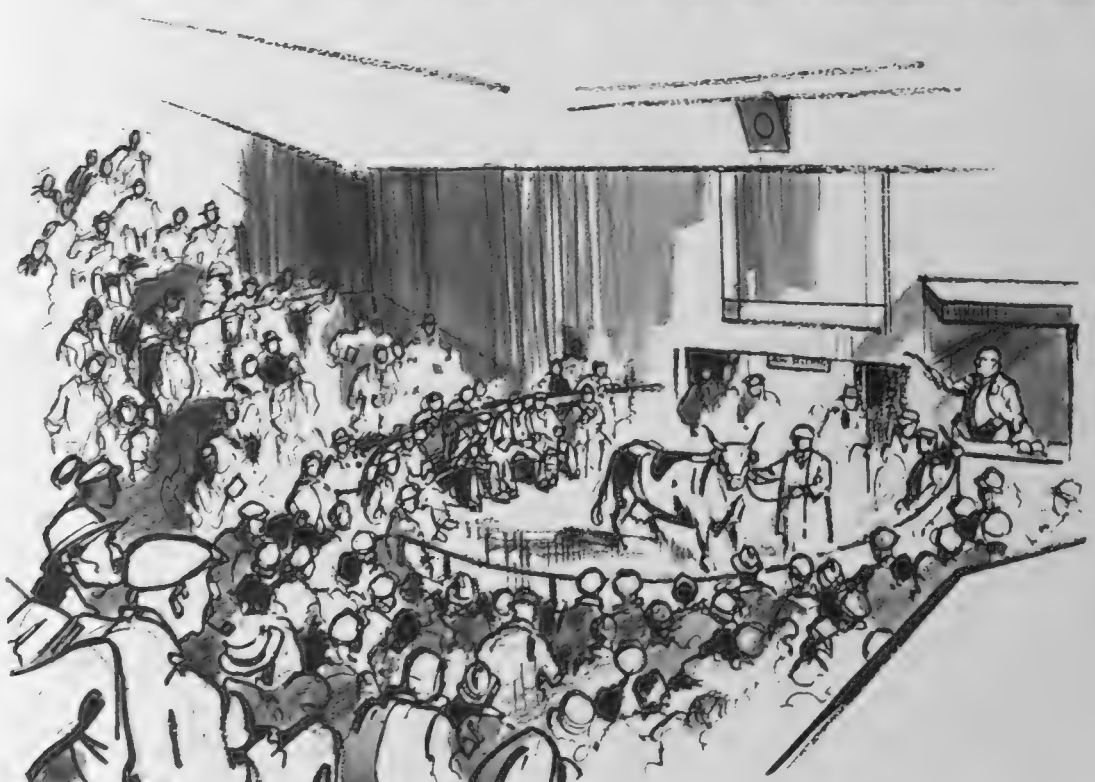
THE ROYAL BURGH OF KIRKCUDBRIGHT : A street in the county town of Kirkcudbrightshire. Seen here is the old Tolbooth prison, whose tower was built of stone from the ruins of Dundrennan. It is included in grants for the preservation of historic buildings.

KIRKCUDBRIGHT HARBOUR : A view of what was possibly a haven for the Spanish Armada. In the distance can be seen the outlines of "McLellan's Work," the old castle of the town. The business of the town to-day is centred on the developments from flourishing local agricultural enterprises.

IN DUNDRENN ABBEY : A stone carv from the church wh preceded New Ab

BIRTHPLACE OF THE SAGE OF CHELSEA : The house in Ecclefechan where Thomas Carlyle was born in 1795. It is about twelve miles east of Dumfries.

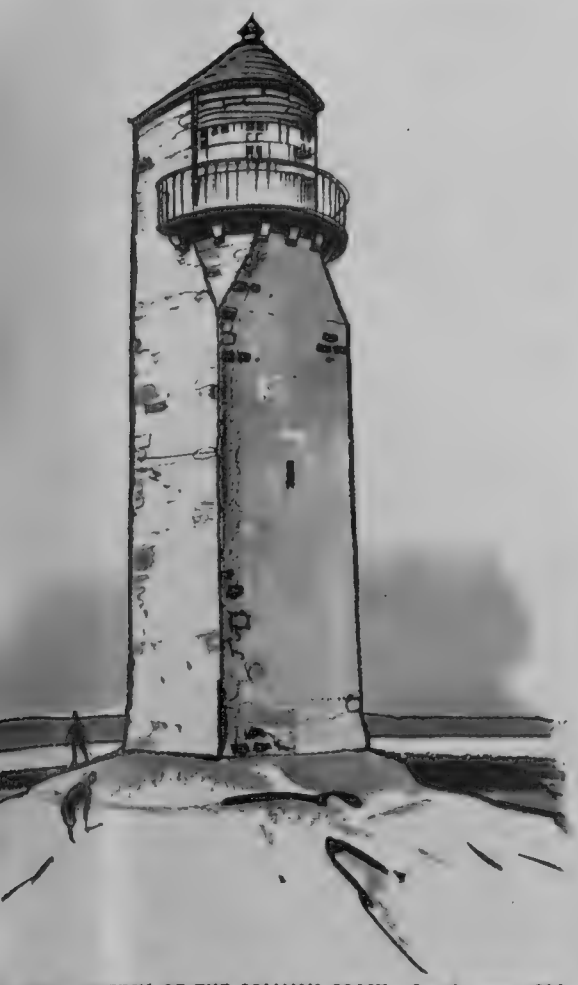
THE ESTUARY OF THE RIVER URR : Looking across the Solway Firth to the Cumberland Hills from above the mouth Urr Water. This is the centre of an active yachting community and a fruitful area for ornithologists. To the rig beyond the quay, is Rough Island, a bird sanctuary which is now under the care of the National Trust for Scotla



CAERLAVEROCK CASTLE : Best known for the siege of Caerlaveroc by Edward I in 1300, the castle guarded one of the landi places on the sea route from Cumberland in the days wh transport by water was often preferred to the hazards of t land route. Caerlaverock Castle is unique in Scottish fortre architecture. Its wall of red stone, "in shape like a shield rises beyond a double moat fed from a natural sprin

On left—

THE CATTLE MARKET AT CASTLE DOUGLAS : The ring during the gre Autumn Sales of pedigree Ayrshires. Castle Douglas was develope at the end of the eighteenth century by Sir William Douglas Gelston from a village to an important market town. To-day can be regarded as the commercial "capital" of Kirkcudbrigh



A LONELY STRETCH OF THE SOLWAY COAST : Southerness Old Lighthouse stands on a section of the Solway sands which has few houses around it. For this reason, stretches like these are of particular interest for their varied bird-life.

THE VILLAGE OF NEW ABBEY : The Lady Devorgilla, a benefactress of thirteenth-century Galloway, built New (or Sweetheart) Abbey to the memory of her husband, John Baliol, who together with her founded Balliol College, Oxford.

GALLOWAY HIGHLANDS : Beyond the pastureland rise the hills of Galloway in this view from a point to the north of Gatehouse-of-Fleet. This varied landscape of bracken, wood and fell is popular with writers as well as artists. This is the setting of some of the scenes in John Buchan's *The Thirty-nine Steps*.

WHERE THE FOUNDER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY WAS BORN : This ploughman's cottage within sight of the Solway was the birthplace of the adventurous John Paul Jones.

VELFTH-CENTURY PILL-BOX : The Round Tower at Orchardton. The tower is the only remaining twelfth-century defence of its kind in the ancient Kingdom of Galloway.

"MAXWELTON'S BRAES ARE BONNIE" : Hill farms, pasture and plantation—these make up the characteristic landscape of Dumfriesshire. This is a view of the Maxwelton Braes commemorated in the popular song "Annie Laurie," which was written by a Kirkcudbrightshire man, William Douglas of Fingland, a rejected suitor.

JANUARY DAYS IN THE COUNTRYSIDE

The Opening Days are just as Dark as those of the Old Year, but the Countryside in January is very Beautiful; the Longer Light Affects the Birds, and it is the Beginning of the Lambing Season

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

TAKEN all round, January is not a month held in high regard in Britain. And, on the whole, you cannot blame the British for this. Most of us live nowadays in towns, and January can be a very unpleasant month in a town. To begin with, at any rate, there is not much difference between December and January. You cannot tell, except by your calendar, that a new month and a new year have begun. January 1 differs not at all from December 31. The opening days of January are just as dark as the closing days of December. The only difference is that, in most years, they are somewhat colder—and much more drab, for we have just paid one of the endless instalments of our income tax or are wondering how on earth we are going to pay. At least in December we had Christmas to look forward to, and, when Christmas was over, New Year's Eve. Now—well the spring is a long way off, and we queue in the sleet for buses which arrive already full. No, you cannot blame the urban Briton for taking a low view of the opening month of the year.

But I like January. Having paid my income tax, I am so reduced that I can do nothing at all—except look at the countryside. And the British countryside in January is really very beautiful, and the January sky even more beautiful. You do not, of course, see the sky at all in a town. The modern townsman no longer looks up. He dare not. He is too busy avoiding death on the roads and prams on the pavements. And, if at night, he did look up he would see no more than the light of thousands of street-lamps and thousands of advertisements reflected against the smoke-pall above high buildings.

It is a pity, for the January sky can be very beautiful. Anybody who is at all interested in the pageantry of the heavens ought to watch Venus in this season of midwinter. She appears first as a small point of white light, a light no bigger than that of a small, far-distant star, but a light that is beautifully steady. And she appears on calm, clear evenings (and these are more common in early January than one might imagine) when it is scarcely dusk. The sun has gone, but not yet the last light above the horizon. As the light dies, Venus shines the brighter. I have seen Venus, soon after sundown, from one of London's bridges, her splendour somewhat dimmed. And that same evening I looked for her again, low in the west, and may have seen her. I do not know: she might have been one of so many lights.

On calm evenings one may in the country see Jupiter too. He begins to climb the sky when Venus is already in command. Between dusk and full night, with both planets in the sky, you can see at a glance that Venus is much the more brilliant. Later, when Jupiter rides high and alone, you wonder how you could ever have thought that Venus was the more brilliant. But the wonder of these two planets is that they, and they alone, have the power to set aglow the clouds that shroud them.

Sirius and Vega are wonderful stars of midwinter evenings, and easily seen and recognised. Yet on a night of broken cloud they light up only a fragment of the cloud that shields them. And all the other stars are totally obscured—or at least have no effect upon the clouds that can be seen by the naked eye. Venus and Jupiter, on the other hand (and particularly Venus), shine through the clouds that clothe them and sometimes make the veil so thin, so gauze-like, that you can see the body within, though not in all its glory. A few seconds only, and then the cloud thickens and you see only the glow from the hidden glory.

There is this magic of light about January days, too. Not long after Christmas the light does lengthen. Spring is a long way off on the earth, but it is gaining ground in the sky. Each day the sun climbs a little higher above the horizon: each day the shadows grow a little shorter, a little steeper.

There is, of course, no real strength in the January sun. The longer light is a pale light. But yet strong enough to reveal many a contrast in colour, many a quiet tone, that was altogether hidden in the darkening sky of the dying year. For the most part these subdued colours pass unnoticed. We like our colours vivid and our outlines bold: we can all appreciate the beauty of a beech in autumn. Yet, provided that you are not queueing for a bus in a draughty street, there is untold beauty to be found on a wet day in January: the rind of ash-twigs, white above the browns and purples: the shining blue-grey of wet tarmac fringed by the silver of old fennel and cow-parsley. There is, too, at least to my eyes, great beauty in the dead grasses of the downs pale beneath the fat, dark clouds. We have no words, no names, for winter colours; for naked oaks; for beaten tangled sedges; for dead bents and naked winter muds. No words for a beauty which in its own right is every whit the equal of florid October.

Photographs by Eric Hosking

A COLONY OF ROOKS IN THE TOP OF A HIGH TREE: It is not until about March that the rook either repairs its old nest or builds a new one.

The longer light affects the birds strongly. The mistle-thrush sings with added purpose, and by the middle of January, even by the middle of a really bitter January, is thinking of setting up house. The larks are not yet thinking of courtship, but there is a difference in their song too. Larks sing all the year round—there is no day in all the year on which, in downland, you may not hear a lark singing. In December, and for the first few days of January, it is a brief disjointed song. The bird gets up from your very feet—he does not really want to fly and waits in the hope that he may not have to do so—and then he rises diagonally upon the wind and sings as he goes. But he does not go very far and he does not go very high, and his song does not last very long.

As he falls again to earth he is silent. But, as the light lengthens, his song changes. Now he flies because he wants to and not because you force him to do so. And he sings because he wants to sing. The song starts as soon as he leaves the ground and continues as he climbs upwards. He does not climb very high, it is true, but high enough to get completely out of sight (he would not, of course, be out of sight on a summer day), but you know he is still climbing because the song gets fainter and fainter. Then suddenly it becomes stronger and stronger. He comes down straight and fast—he climbed in spirals—and he sings as he comes, whereas in the dark days he came down in silence. And shortly he will fly again. All over the downs now, you may hear the singing of larks and watch their spiral flights.

MISTLE-THRUSHES DRINKING AT A POOL: By the middle of January, even if the weather is severe, this bird is thinking of setting up house.

And how they love the wind! A gusty day will find them flying more and more frequently. In summer, the more still the day, the more they fly and sing. But now, it is as though they liked to play with the wind. And this is so, of course, with many birds. Courtship has nothing to do with it. This is pure enjoyment: the bird, I am sure, gets much the same enjoyment from cutting elegant figures in the air as the skater does from cutting them on the ice. The rooks, which fly in their hundreds over my home every evening, play albeit rather clumsily with the wind and shout encouragement to each other as they do so.

But the master figure-cutter in my neighbourhood is the black-headed gull. There are always a few along the river, and it is on the most blustery days that they put on their best performances. They will take two or three long, graceful curves, executed slowly—the long loops of a figure-of-eight: then, suddenly, a small, swift figure is cut, and an instant later another long, graceful, slow curve. Here, in the air, are the outside edge and inside edge strokes of a really powerful and accomplished skater.

Indeed, winter, though it is undeniably a difficult season, does not, in the form of gales and rain, worry the birds unduly. They enjoy wind and they know very well how to shelter from rain. Snow, thick, soft blanketing snow, which shuts out food, is a much greater trial to birds. But frost is the real winter enemy of birds: not the hoar-frost, which covers the land with beauty and soon disappears, but the cold black frost that binds the earth with iron and throws its icy clutch over the ditches and streams and pools.

Then food is difficult, almost impossible, to find, and the birds that find their living just beneath the earth's surface suffer and many die. In such weather—we get very little in England fortunately—you may see them standing forlornly with their feathers all puffed out and their bills sunk in their breasts. And often, next day, you will find them dead, stretched cold and stiff by the hedgerow. In really cold spells I have found them so—and particularly blackbirds and thrushes and woodpeckers, wrens and some of the finches. I have even found rooks dead like this—in 1940 I remember finding three. But I do not recall ever having found a blue tit or a great tit or a robin dead in this manner. Tits are (with the exception of the long-tailed tit) very hardy and also very resourceful. They have powerful beaks and they know how to use them, and have no conscience about using them either. They have no qualms about attacking a bird weak and dying from the cold. And they know all about suburban bird-tables, too. And milk-bottles. They do not, where I live, even bother to wait until the milkman has put the bottle on the doorstep. They gang up, wait until his back is turned, and while he is delivering one bottle, raid his van and attack the bottles stacked in the racks.

But the nicest thing about January, I think, is the sheep. January, no matter what the weather, is lambing-time for those farmers who keep a breeding flock of Hampshire Downs. A lambing pen is a most orderly affair, a most systematic affair. The two-teethed ewes and their lambs are kept in one fold, and ram lambs have their fold and ewe lambs theirs, and there is a fold for twin lambs (twins are common among Hampshire Downs). Arrangements are also made so that the young lambs and their mothers can have a few days together before being put into the main body. Lambing is a serious business, and one which takes many years to learn (if, indeed, it can ever be learnt thoroughly) and it means very hard work.

The shepherd here—he has been a shepherd all his life and comes of a long line of shepherds—will still do his twenty-four hours at a stretch, sleeping (when he has the chance) in a little hut out on the downs hard by his sheep. And he boasts that he will wash no more than his hands and will not shave at all throughout-lambing time. This, by the way, was once the custom with all good shepherds, but I should imagine it is rare to find one observing custom nowadays.

The farmer here has always had a flock of Hampshire Downs, and his father and his grandfather before him. Once, of course, this was a sheep farm on a very considerable scale. But of recent years sheep have been kept just because there have always been sheep—once you are fond of sheep you are always fond of sheep. I do not know that it has paid. Nothing, if you listen to a farmer, ever pays. But I doubt if much has been lost on this flock. Even a sheep-loving farmer is a realist.

But now, sheep are, I think, coming back into their own. At the Llandovery sheep sales last autumn there were buyers from all over the country, and this fair must have been the largest and most successful held in the district for many, many years. Nor were they all farmers from hill-lands by any means.

This, I think, is a most encouraging sign. But the return of the sheep, supposing that it ever happens on any sort of scale, is surely going to set one serious problem. Sheep need shepherds. Shepherds nowadays are few and far between. Shepherding is unlike any other kind of farm work. It is a vocation rather than a profession. It demands very special qualities in a man, qualities which are not, on the whole, common or highly regarded in the modern world—patience, forbearance, a liking for solitude. All good shepherds are philosophers, men who think deeply about simple things. Modern state education does not encourage deep thinking about anything—except high wages in return for short hours.

A WELL-KNOWN CANAL LANDMARK WHICH IS DUE FOR ALTERATION: A ship passing through Gaillard Cut, the narrowest point along the Panama Canal. At left is Contractor's Hill, and right, Gold Hill. Work is now under way, as can be seen *below*, to terrace the 417-ft. Contractor's Hill, to guard against possible landslides.

IMPROVING THE PANAMA CANAL

Work is in Progress at Gaillard Cut as Part of a Long-term £9,000,000 Programme for the Improvement of the Canal

Nearly two years ago the Panama Canal Company announced plans to improve the Canal over the coming ten years at a cost of £9,000,000. The pictures on this page show some of the work that is being undertaken at the 300-ft.-wide Gaillard Cut, the narrowest part of the Canal. On Contractor's Hill cracks in the rock formation were first noticed in 1938, and they have been growing larger ever since. In view of the threat of a landslide it was decided to dynamite the rock formations and terrace the hill as part of the improvement programme. The Canal improvements will be financed by tolls from ships passing through, but it is expected that, when completed, they will substantially increase the capacity of the Canal at a relatively low cost. A major works scheme is planned for the locks. At present the Canal has to be closed for a total of five months out of every thirty while the locks are overhauled. When the reconstruction has been completed, traffic will be able to move and the Canal will operate continuously even while the locks are under repair, except for periods of five to seven days at thirty-month intervals. However, the present schemes will not enable the Panama Canal to handle larger vessels.

HOME NEWS SURVEY

PICTURES OF RECENT EVE
IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

WINTER SPORTS IN THE PEAK DISTRICT: Skiers make their way up the snow-covered slopes of Kinder Scout, in north Derbyshire. This is the highest point of the Peak District, Kinder Scout rising to 2,088 ft., and one of the wildest stretches of high moorland in the English Midlands. The recent snows have given good winter sport to enthusiasts.

GERMAN NAVAL EXPERTS IN LONDON: Three o party of six German officers who recently s five days in London are seen here leaving hotel. From the left they are—C nder W Captain H. Gerlach and Colonel W. Gaul. The and the commander were in the G man Na Colonel Gaul was in the German Naval Air S An Admiralty statement said that thei visit was the way for future co-operation with the Royal

AN ENGLISH LIFEBOAT IS FILMED FOR AN AMERICAN TELEVISION PROGRAMME: At Dungeness, in Kent, the lifeboat *John Cooper Henderson* starts down the slipway before the cameras of the Columbia Broadcasting System of America. This was one of the shots recorded for a coast-to-coast transmission in the United States. Although it was only a practice, the lifeboat, her crew and her launchers went through their drill as if starting on a rescue. *On right*—Three of the crew are televised. From the left they are: R. Tart, G. Tart (the Coxswain) and T. Tart (the second Coxswain). This family, with another local family, the Oillers, form most of the lifeboat's crew. Mr. C. W. Oiller, who retired in 1947, was Coxswain for thirty years, a record for this lifeboat.

RENOVATIONS IN REGE BRIGHTON: Mr. C Cook, a craftsm Brighton, is seen at w a corridor in the Pavilion. *On t* Retouching a wall abo South Gallery staircase glass ceiling seen picture has already restored. Restoration Pavilion itself and on buildings on the esta been going on for four and when this work is pleted it will have cost £100,000. It is intend restore the interior of Pavilion to its appea during the days of Prince Regent. The Pa was designed by John in 1784, and boug the Corporation in

MPARING PROFILES : Richard Burton, the stage and screen actor, is seen made up as Alexander the Great. On the wall behind him is a life-size plaque of the general, taken from the British Museum. Burton is to play the title role in the film *Alexander the Great*, which is to be produced by Robert Rossen; filming will start in Spain during February.

right—

IAMOND HUNT AT PRESTWICK AIRPORT : Searchers are seen in the area charred and churned by the Stratocruiser which crashed on Christmas Day. Soon after the disaster, in which twenty-eight people lost their lives, it was revealed that the airliner was probably carrying a consignment of diamonds, and a search was begun. Many diamonds have now been recovered, but some are still missing. Newspaper reports have given the value of the stones as £900,000.

OUGH MONDAY AT CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL : Members of the West Sussex Young Farmers' Club are seen as they prepare to take the plough into the Cathedral. At the door are the Bishop of Chichester, Dr. G. A. Bell, and the Bishop of Lewes, Dr. Ward. Plough Monday is the first after Epiphany and is so called as it once marked the end of the countryman's Christmas Holidays.

FREDDIE TRUEMAN, THE ENGLAND AND YORKSHIRE FAST BOWLER, IS TO BE MARRIED : Mr. Trueman is with his fiancée, Miss Enid Chapman. Both are aged twenty-three. Miss Chapman is the daughter of a Scarborough auctioneer who has been Mayor of the town three times and is also vice-president of the town cricket club. Trueman, who played for England against Australia in 1953, and also during the West Indies tour, is now a furniture salesman working in St. Helen's, Lancashire. He was at one time a coal-miner. The couple, who first met in 1948, plan to get married during March.

SEVERE FLOODING IN NORTHUMBERLAND : Rescue workers struggle to secure their boat in the village of Corbridge. Many people were marooned in their houses when the River Tyne rose 10 ft. in four hours. *On left*—A woman who was stranded in a house near Hexham steps to safety from a boat during a snowstorm. The snows which followed hard upon the floods caused more damage and increased the already considerable difficulties of rescuers.

MUCH ADO ABOUT FILLING STATIONS

The Motor Agents' Association Object to a New Development Programme; A Run in a Standard Ten; And Other Motoring Notes

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THE MOTOR AGENTS' ASSOCIATION, which represents about 17,000 garages or filling stations, is very cross with Shell-Mex and B.P. It has voiced strong objection to the big oil firm's policy of building its own filling stations.

Mr. C. M. Vignoles, suave managing director of Shell-B.P., has told the M.A.A. that in the next eighteen months or so his company hopes to buy undeveloped sites and—on a smaller scale—existing filling stations.

The first phase of this new development, he said, involved some 250 stations, but the final total might be nearer 1,000. They have already bought some sites, I understand, and building will start soon—if, in fact, it has not begun already.

The M.A.A. says there is a real danger of too many filling stations springing up. Shell-B.P. retort that many of those that exist already are badly sited. They want to see stations established in strategic positions in the new towns and on the widening perimeters of large existing towns.

In view of their large investment in a big refining programme in Britain—the total expenditure amounts to £140,000,000—the oil company wants what it describes as "a greater degree of security of outlets."

Mr. Vignoles has assured the garage people that he does not intend to run the new stations through his own employees. And the tenants will be drawn as far as possible, he says, from among men in the motor trade.

I recently had an opportunity to try out the Standard Ten and found it an excellent little motor-car. Its 948 cc. overhead-valve engine is remarkably quiet and silky, and at an overall price of £580 10s. (£409 plus £171 10s. tax) this Coventry product is good value for money.

Carefully driven, the Standard Ten gives a petrol consumption of better than 40 m.p.g. and top speed is about 67 m.p.h. The quality of the car's springing, road-holding and cornering is so good that on suitable roads a steady cruising speed of 60 miles an hour is possible without any complaint from under the bonnet.

The Ten is the "big brother" of the Standard Eight, which it closely resembles. Overall dimensions are about the same but the Ten has a lid for the luggage boot (the Eight is loaded from inside, after tilting forward the back seats) and a chromium radiator grille, whereas the Eight simply has an unadorned air intake slot.

The engine of the Ten is a bigger version of the 803 cc. unit which powers the Eight, the stroke being the same and the bore five millimetres greater. There is plenty of leg room in the front seats of this compact little car and two adults can be carried in the back in reasonable comfort unless the front seats are pushed right back.

The four-speed gear-box does its job unostentatiously and I like the central gear-change lever.

When the industry's accountants have received all their returns, added up their figures and done their little sums, it will be seen that 1954 was a record year in more ways than one.

Preliminary statistics suggest that a total of 760,000 cars were built—and that is 165,000 more than in 1953, the previous record year. (Incidentally, although we are not really concerned here with commercial vehicles, the industry also turned out a record number of lorries, trucks and vans last year, the figure being about 265,000.)

During 1954 some 375,000 new cars were registered in Britain for the first time and that, too, is a record. Up to last year the biggest number of new registrations in any one period of twelve months was 312,000, in 1937.

In the last two years, then, a total of 670,000 new cars have come on to the inadequate roads of Britain. A lot of old crocks have gone to the scrap heap, of course, but there has also been a big increase in the number of commercial vehicles in use.

Some of the big car firms have already issued their own individual production figures. Vauxhall Motors sold 130,951 cars and Bedford trucks—20,000 more than in 1953—and 54 per cent. were exported. The Standard Motor Co. sold 86,000 cars and trucks and 64,388 tractors—a total of 150,388 vehicles for the year. Their sale of motor vehicles alone showed a 70 per cent. increase over 1953 and half were exported.

Jaguars also did well. Just before he left for New York the other day Mr. William Lyons, head of Jaguar Cars, told me that in 1954 he exported between £6,000,000 and £7,000,000 worth of cars. Well over half of them—more than 12,000,000 dollars' worth, in fact—were sold in North America for hard currency.

Vauxhall Motors, by the way, have just lost their chief, Sir Charles Bartlett, who was managing director for twenty-three years and chairman since June 1953. He was sixty-five on December 12 and he has retired under a firm Vauxhall rule which applies to all attaining this age.

When Sir Charles—he was knighted in 1944—joined the board of Vauxhall's twenty-five years ago, the firm employed 2,000 people and built 1,400 vehicles a year in an 11-acre factory. He has helped to build up the company to a point where to-day, with 14,500 people on the pay-roll and a factory occupying 85 acres, it turns out 130,000 vehicles a year.

The enthusiasts are already turning their thoughts to the approaching season of motor sport. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say the season is already on us, for the Monte Carlo Rally will be finishing as these notes appear, and to-morrow the first of the year's major motor races—the Argentine Grand Prix—is being run at Buenos Aires.

Britain's big interest in this latter event—first of the year in the world driving championship—lies in the fact that Stirling Moss will be making his first appearance for Mercedes, with whom he has contracted to drive in ten Grand Prix events and two sports car races this season.

Britain's Grand Prix prospects are probably brighter than in any year since the war, though as a country we merely play at this motor racing game compared with Italy and Germany. The fact that we take any part at all in this great prestige-building sport is simply due to the enthusiasm of a few men like Mr. Tony Vandervell and Mr. Alfred Owen, who can afford to build and run Formula One cars and who yearn for the day when Britain's racing green will be well and truly splashed across the international motor-racing picture.

I am, of course, talking about Grand Prix racing. In other branches of the sport Britain takes things more seriously, as witness the successes of Mr. William Lyons' Jaguars and Mr. David Brown's Aston-Martins in sports car racing; Sir William Rootes' Sunbeams in rally events; and of the Cooper cars in 500 cc. racing.

When I said just now that Britain's Grand Prix prospects this year are unusually bright I had in mind the decision of Mr. Vandervell to run a team of three Vanwall Specials this season (two for a start) and to engage Mike Hawthorn as his No. 1 driver. The 2½-litre Vanwall made a promising start last year, and with Hawthorn and Peter Collins driving for him, Mr. Vandervell may be able to put up quite a challenge to Germany's Mercedes and Italy's Ferraris, Maseratis and Lancias.

Switching back to the bread-and-butter side of the motor industry, I should like to record that the Rover Co. have laid down, at a cost of some £30,000, a private testing track behind their factory at Solihull, near Birmingham.

The company have made it clear that this proving ground will not in any sense replace, in the Rover scheme of things, the industry's elaborately-equipped establishment at Lindley, near Nuneaton. The fact is, however, that the Rover Co. still give an individual test to every one of their vehicles before delivery and they are finding it difficult to carry out these tests efficiently on the overcrowded roads with which the Midland counties are afflicted nowadays.

Rovers must be one of few British car firms who still test each vehicle they build before handing it over to their distributors. The importance they attach to this is shown by their decision to build their own test track. It is nearly 2½ miles long and has a "straight" three-quarters-of-a-mile long on which speeds up to 100 m.p.h. are possible.

Rovers have embarked on a £3,000,000 expansion scheme which will, it is estimated, step up Land-Rover production alone to 1,000 a week by the end of the year.

Two interesting jubilees figure in this year's calendar of motoring events. One is the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Automobile Association. The other is the silver jubilee of the Veteran Car Club.

First major item in the A.A. celebrations will be a commemorative run from London to Hastings to re-enact a famous Army "manœuvre" in which the A.A. collaborated forty-six years ago. I refer to the day, in 1909, when hundreds of cars belonging to A.A. members were mobilised to carry a full battalion of troops—made up from various regiments of the Guards—from London to Hastings.

It has been described as the first organised movement of troops by mechanical road transport in the history of the world. When the historic run is repeated on March 19, next, it is hoped that some of the cars taking part will be vehicles which actually participated in that military transport experiment.

The Veteran Car Club is planning to celebrate its twenty-fifth birthday by holding a five-day rally and tour in the Midlands. The rally will be open to cars thirty-eight years of age, or older, and they will assemble at Stratford-on-Avon on July 7.

The party which Mr. Charles Panter, of the Berkeley Caravan Company, gives every year to his dealers and other friends has come to be one of the most enjoyable social events of the year, and the one held recently at the Park Lane Hotel was no exception.

A SNOW MAT TO MONTE CARLO: Police Sergeants Ted Teer (left) and John Skeggs, of Hendon Police Training College, show Sir John Nott-Bower, the Metropolitan Police Commissioner, the snow-grip mat which they arranged to take with them in the Monte Carlo Rally. The two sergeants, who designed and made the mat themselves, entered the Rally at their own expense.

DÉBUT AT THE CHICAGO MOTOR SHOW: This revolutionary new car, the "Futura," is an experimental model but will be used as a laboratory on wheels; it will be subjected to all conditions of road-testing. The body was built by the Ghia Body Works in Turin, Italy, mounted on the chassis and shipped to Chicago for its world première. Nearly 19 ft. long and 7 ft. wide and just over 4 ft. 4 ins. high, the "Futura" is powered by an advanced version of the Lincoln's present overhead V-8 engine. In this picture its plexiglass cover is raised but the windscreen is still in position.

A SCOTTISH-BORN NEW ZEALANDER CLAIMS A RECORD: Subject to official confirmation, Bobbie Burns has established a new world motor-cycle and side-car combination speed record at Choka, near Christchurch, New Zealand. He clocked 156 m.p.h. and 154 m.p.h. in two runs in opposite directions over a kilometre on his Vincent machine. The previous record was set by Herman Boehm, of Germany, in 1951, when he averaged 154 m.p.h.

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A FIRST NIGHT IN LONDON

Gladys Cooper and Wendy Hiller Star in a Comedy of High Society at the New Theatre

"THE NIGHT OF THE BALL": Miss Gladys Cooper is Lady Yarmouth, a *grande dame*, in the new play at the New Theatre, in London, by Michael Burn. She is seen here with Edward Mulhare (centre) and Tony Britton. The cast also includes Wendy Hiller, Robert Harris and Jill Bennett. *The Night of the Ball* received varying reviews from the critics. The plot turns on a ball given at a great house in London at the present time. Sir Richard Alleyn (Robert Harris) is the host. To his magnificent mansion, the decor of which is by Mr. Loudon Sainthill, comes an array of wealthy characters, richly caparisoned. Sir Richard plans that the climax to his evening's lavish hospitality shall be the announcement of his engagement to the widow, Margaret Tollemache (Wendy Hiller). She is seen in the picture *on the right* with Helen Eliot (Jill Bennett). Those familiar with dramas of high society will anticipate, correctly, that Mrs. Tollemache turns out to be a widow with a past. She has an illegitimate son by a past lover. This latter is also among the guests. In love with him is the young and defenceless ingénue, Helen Eliot. This young lady appears to have derived from Barrie and Virginia Woolf. It is perhaps unfortunate for dramatists who set out to write this kind of play that they have to compete with the standards set by Wilde, Pinero, and Somerset Maugham.

THE HOST AND TWO OF HIS PRINCIPAL GUESTS: Sir Richard Alleyn (Robert Harris) with the widow, Mrs. Tollemache (Wendy Hiller), and her former lover, Julian Lovell (Tony Britton). Much of the development of *The Night of the Ball* depends on these three characters. But the drama is also enriched by the presence of Lady Yarmouth (Gladys Cooper) and Mr. Sidney Willis, M.P. (Edward Mulhare), who supplements his salary by contributing Left-wing opinions and exposures of society to the Sunday Press.

A NEW YORK OPERA TRIUMPH

MARIAN ANDERSON MAKES HER DEBUT IN OPERA IN NEW YORK: The distinguished Negro singer sang her first role with the New York Metropolitan Opera as Ulrica in Verdi's *Un Ballo In Maschera*. In this scene Marian Anderson (on the left) is seen with the chorus and, on the right, Riccardo (Richard Tucker) and Oscar (Roberta Peters), who are singing their duet. Ulrica, the sorceress, appears only in one scene, but the New York critics were deeply impressed by Miss Anderson's performance and forecast a great future for her in grand opera. She is the first Negro singer to join the company of the seventy-one-years-old Opera House.

FLOWERS AFTER A GREAT PERFORMANCE: Miss Anderson holds some of the flowers she received at the end of the first night. The audience had called her repeatedly in front of the curtain.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

"DISCOVERING" ENGLAND'S LAKES

Norman Nicholson's Book is about the People who First Appreciated the Lakes; Storm Jameson's Latest Novel; and Other New Publications

IT seems odd that towering mountains and large, shining lakes should have to be "discovered" in such a small country as England, but, socially at least, that is the truth about the Lake District which, until the middle of the eighteenth century, was more or less unknown country and was certainly not recognised as the impressively beautiful region that it is. Mr. Norman Nicholson's book on the subject is therefore all the more welcome, for it is not a topographical but a literary and historical study of the people who first appreciated the Lakes, who wrote about them and were identified with them, from the days of Defoe to our present times.

THE LAKERS (Robert Hale. 18s.) is a title taken from a copy of the *European Magazine*, dated 1798, which explained that "The Lakers are those persons who visit the beautiful scenes in Cumberland and Westmorland by distinction styled the Lakes," and very apt it is, with its suggestion of eighteenth-century topicality and sly humour. These first tourists were numerous enough then, and articulate enough, to have made their mark and even to have inspired a comic opera of the time.

"This is not going to be a book about the Lakes," says Mr. Nicholson firmly, "but about the way people look at the Lakes," and in this purpose he has succeeded admirably, from Charles Lamb, who complained that the prospect of mountains "all about and about" made him giddy, to Harriet Martineau reporting characteristically that the sanitation in the dales was often deplorable; the Gothic novelists like Walpole and Anne Radcliffe, who found ideal settings in the crags and fells for their turgid romances; the poet Gray, the Wordsworths, Coleridge and De Quincey. All of them and thousands of lesser spirits have looked at the lakes and the mountains and have taken away their own impressions, of grandeur, of forbidding bareness, of difficult farming land or merely the banality of the picturesque. Mr. Nicholson's particular talent in these pages has been to stimulate the reader to a livelier curiosity about the place, and a less routine acceptance of the fact that it is one of the glories of our country.

One of the hazards encountered by highly prolific authors is that they will be asked with monotonous regularity and by just about every second person they meet: "How do you do it?" I'm sure Simenon must suffer from this, and I know Edgar Wallace did, for he evolved the answer: "I've got nothing else to do," which used to bring the conversation to a close pretty smartly. In the case of someone like Miss Storm Jameson whose quantity of output is not so spectacular but who has been writing for the past thirty years or more, I would like to provide one of these conversational hazards myself, and ask her just how *she* does it: how she maintains the fineness of her writing standard and the freshness of her outlook, without even an occasional falling-off. Last week, by chance, I re-read one of her earliest novels; this week I have read her latest, and I have had as much pleasure from one as the other.

THE HIDDEN RIVER (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.) is set in France, a country about which Miss Jameson writes as well as Mr. Charles Morgan, and that is saying a good deal, and is concerned with the return of a young Englishman to the house by the Loire where he was sheltered during the war. After an interval of five years he remembers shapes, places, general loyalties, but is not prepared for the incandescent rages that he finds, an old relation having just been released from prison after a long sentence for collaboration with a pre-war German friend.

The bitterness of that situation, the living and aggressive sense of vengeance and the summary justice, all these are a shock to the Englishman, and it is one of the great strengths of Miss Storm Jameson's writing that she is able to write not only with conviction but convincingly about an English and a French friend, each devoted to the other and proved in comradeship, both intelligent and a little more, and each passionately in love with the same woman. This is an exceptional novel, and I like to think that if you miss it, it won't be my fault.

Miss Storm Jameson's novel was about an aspect of the war through the middle years, and the years of post-war revenge. Mr. Elleston Trevor's novel THE BIG PICK-UP (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is a story of Dunkirk from the point of view of troops fighting their way to the beaches—and across the beaches—

TAXCO, IN THE STATE OF GUERRERO, MEXICO: One of the fifty-nine paintings and sketches of Mexico which Mr. Victor Coverley-Price is exhibiting at the Hispanic Council, Canning House, 2, Belgrave Square, S.W.1. The exhibition, which continues until February 10, is being held in conjunction with the Exhibition of Mexican Books at the National Book League, in which Mr. Coverley-Price also has four paintings. The artist is well known to readers of THE SPHERE, for which he has done much original work. He was a Secretary at the British Legation in Mexico City from 1929-31 and has travelled extensively in Central America.

and up the ladders and nets into the ships, to the great conclusion of Operation "Dynamo." None of that action is so long ago that one cannot recall the anguish of suspense, if one was on this side of the Channel, or the exhaustion that almost outweighed the physical threat, if one was on the other. The evacuation was a miracle, and not wholly a divine miracle. This novel, told in such magnificently controlled terms, takes one back to the early summer of 1940 when all Englishmen were brothers, and when a third of a million men were carried home in the face of the enemy's bitter resolve of total annihilation.

Another part of war, though perhaps not the middle part, is the existence of a vital Civil Service and, by corollary, that may be a part of the peace too. Anyway, Mr. Derek Barton writes about an imaginary Government department, the Ministry of Fine Arts, which is shown to be flourishing in post-war days, but none the less riddled with the sort of inter-departmental acidity that only the Temporary Civil Servant can recognise at a glance. GLORIOUS LIFE (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.) made me chuckle a good deal, and would, I think, entertain most readers, but I cannot help thinking that the cream of its wit (isn't there a preparation called Cream of Tartar?) is reserved for those who have once had personal experience of those storied urns and far-from-animated busts.

WE ARE UTOPIA (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) is a translation from the original German, by Mr. Cyrus Brooks, of a very short novel by Stefan Andres about a prisoner in the Spanish Civil War, brought back with his fellow-victims to the very monastery in the small town where he was once a monk. By the time the story opens, he has failed at his life of religious contemplation, failed as a sailor and as a soldier, and is now back, under the domination of a sadistic young officer, in the scenes of his early spiritual and physical efforts. Sincere, touching and quite timeless.

From Spain to a southern State of America with Miss Mary Lee Settle's novel, THE KISS OF KIN (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), which takes the reader through a single day in the life of as complex, as belligerent and as invertebrate a family as the Southern (fictional) tradition has ever produced. If it were not for the fact that Miss Settle writes with enough power and brilliance to keep even the sluggard reader in a state of tension, it would be easy to say that this was exactly the kind of novel likely to be low on the list of Novels Most Likely to Appeal to an English Public. As it is, and although I disliked or despised every single character in it (particularly the rare go-getters), I must say that it is written with all the grace of a natural born writer.

America, Australia and East Africa respectively have inspired the next three novels, of which the first is Mr. Phil Stong's RETURN IN AUGUST (Arthur Barker. 10s. 6d.), a sequel to his *State Fair*, and a comfortable piece of contemporary Americana, which may not make one wish to dash off to Iowa but will at least persuade the average reader that it is a place as foreign, and therefore possibly as inviting as any tour proposed in a travel folder.

NO MAN IS AN ISLAND (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is Mr. Donald McLean's novel about a community like Broken Hill, the New South Wales silver-mining town, and about a boy who grows up to manhood in Australia during the 1914–18 War. I found this one of those books in which the personality of the author is more interesting than the story-line of the tale itself, and all the more in this case because there has been so little intention of planning anything but a reconstruction of a pioneer phase. Recommended to anyone who, in his mind's eye, can see as far as Australia and farther than a cricket pitch.

DRINKERS OF DARKNESS (Collins. 12s. 6d.) has a cover drawing of a conventionally disillusioned, it'll-be-all-right-when-I'm-acclimatised white man, and is about an over-lush spot in East Africa where painstaking preparations for Christmas only underline the far-from-Yuletide passions that the place engenders. Mr. Gerald Hanley writes forcefully and well, from a personal experience of Africa and from a writer's controlled but vivid imagination.

In this week's historical novel Mr. Richard Llewellyn returns to an earlier manner and tells a story of smuggling and romantic assignations, in SWEET WITCH (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.), which is set at the time of the Napoleonic wars, in a Welsh seaside village threatened by the French fleet. It would be difficult to find a popular ingredient for a story of this kind that the author has overlooked, for here is a spirited, titled and lovely heroine, a theme that combines danger, mystery and tension and a lively manner with which to recount it.

THE HUB OF AFRICA

Nora Kane Looks at Fast-Emerging Rhodesia

One of the great dramatic stories of modern times has been the rise of Southern Rhodesia, its emergence from a savage territory in the heart of Africa into a modern State on the threshold of vast commercial and industrial developments. To-day it is a partner in the newly-formed Central African Federation. Wise statesmanship, indeed, will be necessary if the problems of a mixed population are not to be bedevilled as they are in the neighbouring Union of South Africa, and while these formidable issues develop, this is perhaps a proper moment to take stock. In THE WORLD'S VIEW (Cassell. 21s.) Nora S. Kane, who has lived in Rhodesia all her life, has attempted to give a balanced appraisal of this country, and she has written an admirable account of the early struggles when Rhodes pitted his wits against the wily Lobengula, winning the vital mineral rights which ensured that this hinterland should come to nationhood.

Rhodes and his friend, Starr Jameson, bulk large throughout this story; that is inevitable. Rhodes's burial at the World's View amid the grim grandeur of the rocks of the Matopo Hills was something more than a symbolic gesture by one who loved Rhodesia with all his heart. Rhodes may well have guessed that one day this burial-place which he selected for those who deserved well of their country would stand in the midst of one of the great population centres of the earth. That was the measure of his belief in the hinterland which he carved in the north. Industrialists who have followed in the wake of Rhodes seem to have the same faith in the new country where asbestos, chrome, gold and coal, in that order, are already yielding a total of nearly £20,000,000 a year, although it is admitted that the nation's mineral resources have as yet been barely scratched. This, beyond doubt, is the hub of Africa, and Nora Kane helps us to comprehend its vast potentialities, to see the dream of Cecil Rhodes as it moves steadily towards reality.

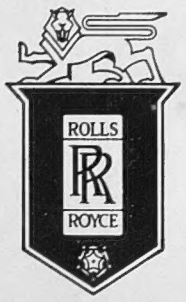
It is surprising that the Regional Books, a really excellent series for the country-lover, should have progressed so far without THE COTSWOLDS being included. Now the omission is made good with a charming volume by Edith Brill (Robert Hale. 18s.), who brings the stone-wall country to life in lively fashion. It is human activity past and present with which the author is chiefly concerned, although the natural scene and its natural history come close in interest. This is a land where men have always taken stone from the hills and adapted it to their needs, creating an architectural splendour and grace that is unsurpassed in all England. Everywhere she goes in this grand upland country the author travels always, it seems, with the expectation and the certainty of new beauties that lie just around the corner.

Margaret Goldsmith has carried research to rather painstaking lengths in presenting her biography, THE WANDERING PORTRAIT (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 15s.). The portrait thus honoured by a biography is Van Dyck's famous equestrian figure of Charles I, now reposing in the National Gallery. It was after the King's execution that the picture was taken to the Continent, only to return after being purchased in Munich in obscure circumstances by the Duke of Marlborough. The lost years, 1649 to 1706, are certainly worthy of investigation, but it is hard to whip up enthusiasm for this extensive, though remarkable reconstruction of the story.

Valentine Dyall has a highly dramatic sense which he allies to a neat economy in the use of words. In FAMOUS SEA TRAGEDIES (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.) these qualities are seen to advantage, although it is fairly clear at the same time that Mr. Dyall is hardly a seafaring man. His first story deals with the *Mary Russell*, whose gory captain was such a notable sufferer from persecution mania. The tragedy of "The White Ship" makes another remarkable tale, while coming to more modern times, the author deals in detail with the sinking of the *Thetis*, when so many of our best submarine technicians lost their lives in a tragic trial run in Liverpool Bay.

J. Lennox Kerr also has a notable seafaring contribution. He pinpoints those last days of January and February, 1953, when Britain was involved in "the Great Storm," with winds round our coasts whipping up to over 100 m.p.h. It was then that the passenger ship *Princess Victoria* went down en route to Ireland, with the loss of 300 lives, and no fewer than fifty ships sent out distress calls. THE GREAT STORM (Harrap. 12s. 6d.) is by the very facts it reveals a fitting tribute to the courage of our seamen and the men who keep watch on our coasts. Without that courage, Mr. Kerr makes it plain that all the modern equipment in the world would be well-nigh useless.

The phrase "fulfilling a long-felt want" may often have been overworked, but there is no need that the reviewer should abandon it in very shame. It very properly applies to the new edition of Aspinall's POCKET GUIDE TO THE WEST INDIES (Methuen. 30s.), which now reappears in fully-revised form. The guide was last printed in 1939. This new edition covers very nearly 500 pages, including not only the islands of the Caribbean but the lands of the Spanish Main, the Republics of Central America.



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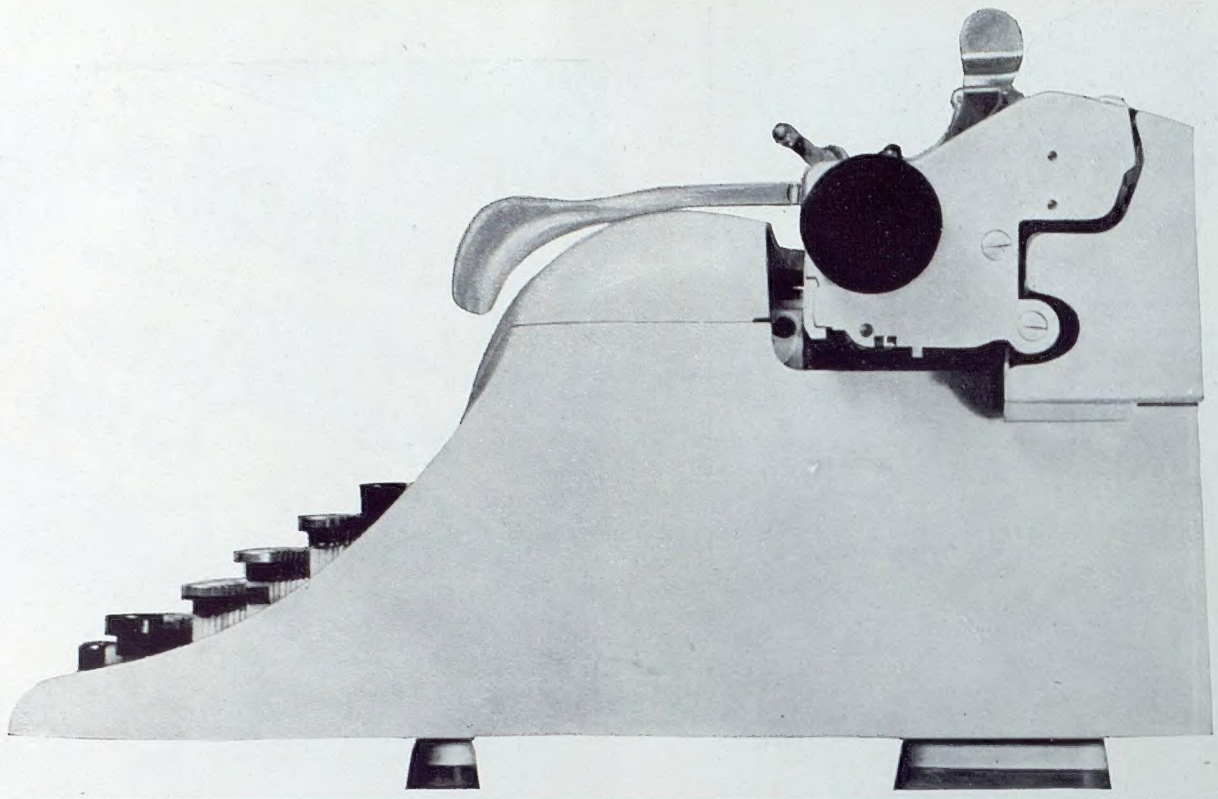

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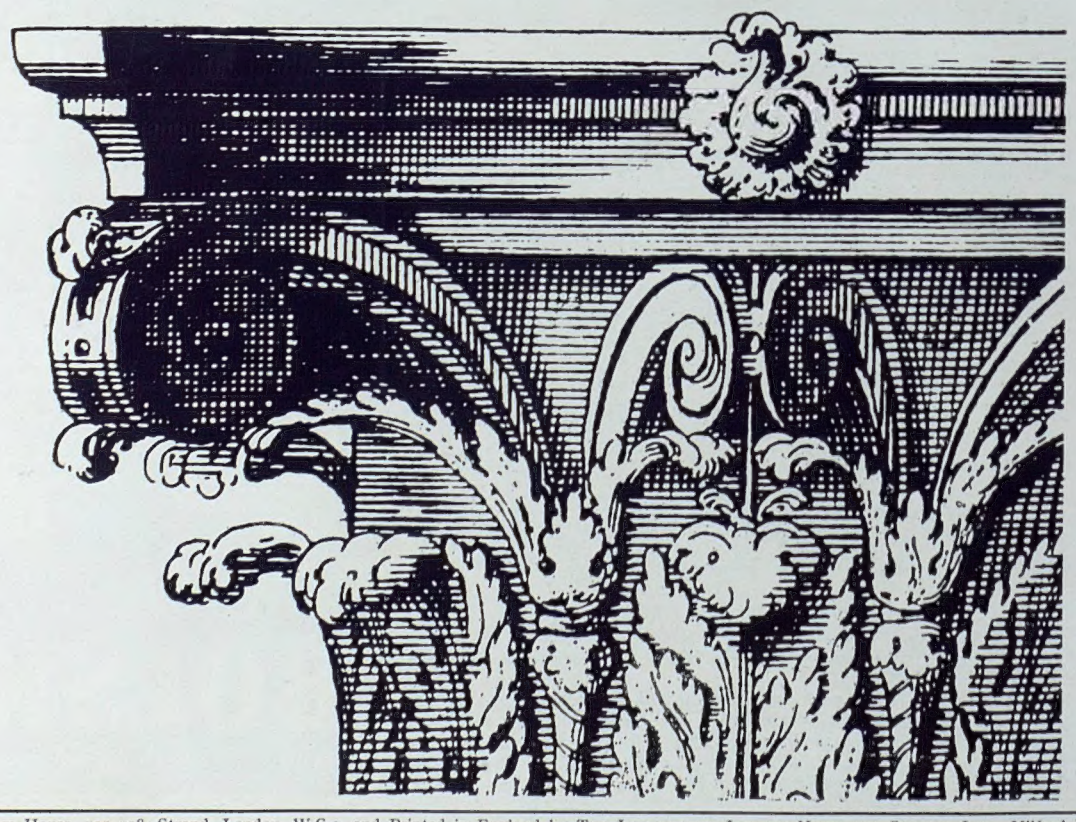

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